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Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

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Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- | | |
|--|---|
| —how to win the man you love. | —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out. |
| —how to win the girl you want. | —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men. |
| —how to hold your husband's love. | —how to attract people you like. |
| —how to make people admire you. | —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age. |
| —why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love. | —are there any real grounds for divorce? |
| —why many marriages end in despair. | —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye. |
| —how to hold a woman's affection. | —how to tell if someone really loves you. |
| —how to keep a husband home nights. | —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common." |
| —things that turn men against you. | |
| —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon. | |
| —the "danger year" of married life. | |



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can

the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

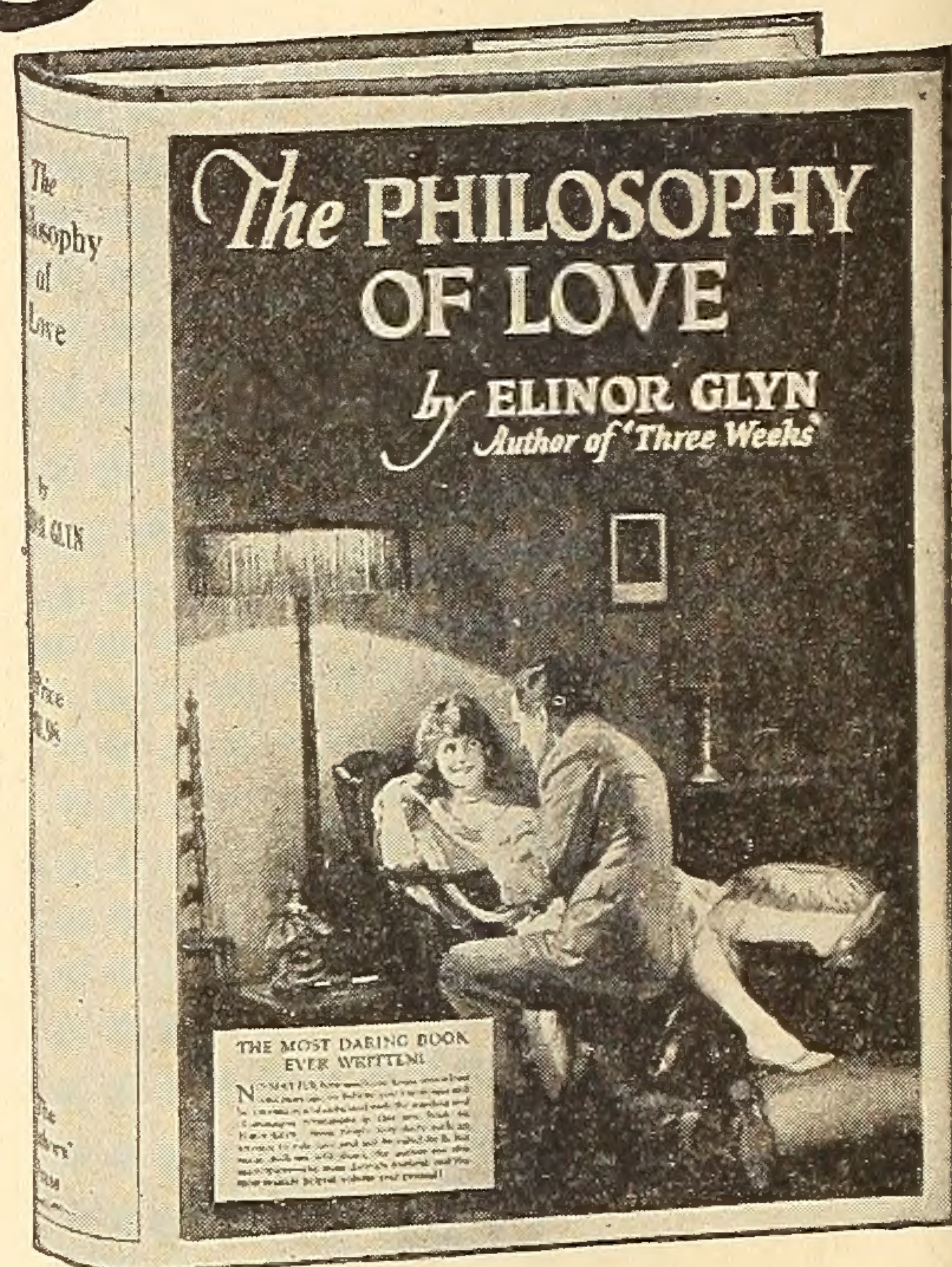
In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book



WARNING!

The publishers do not care to send "The Philosophy of Love" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So, unless you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below **AT ONCE**. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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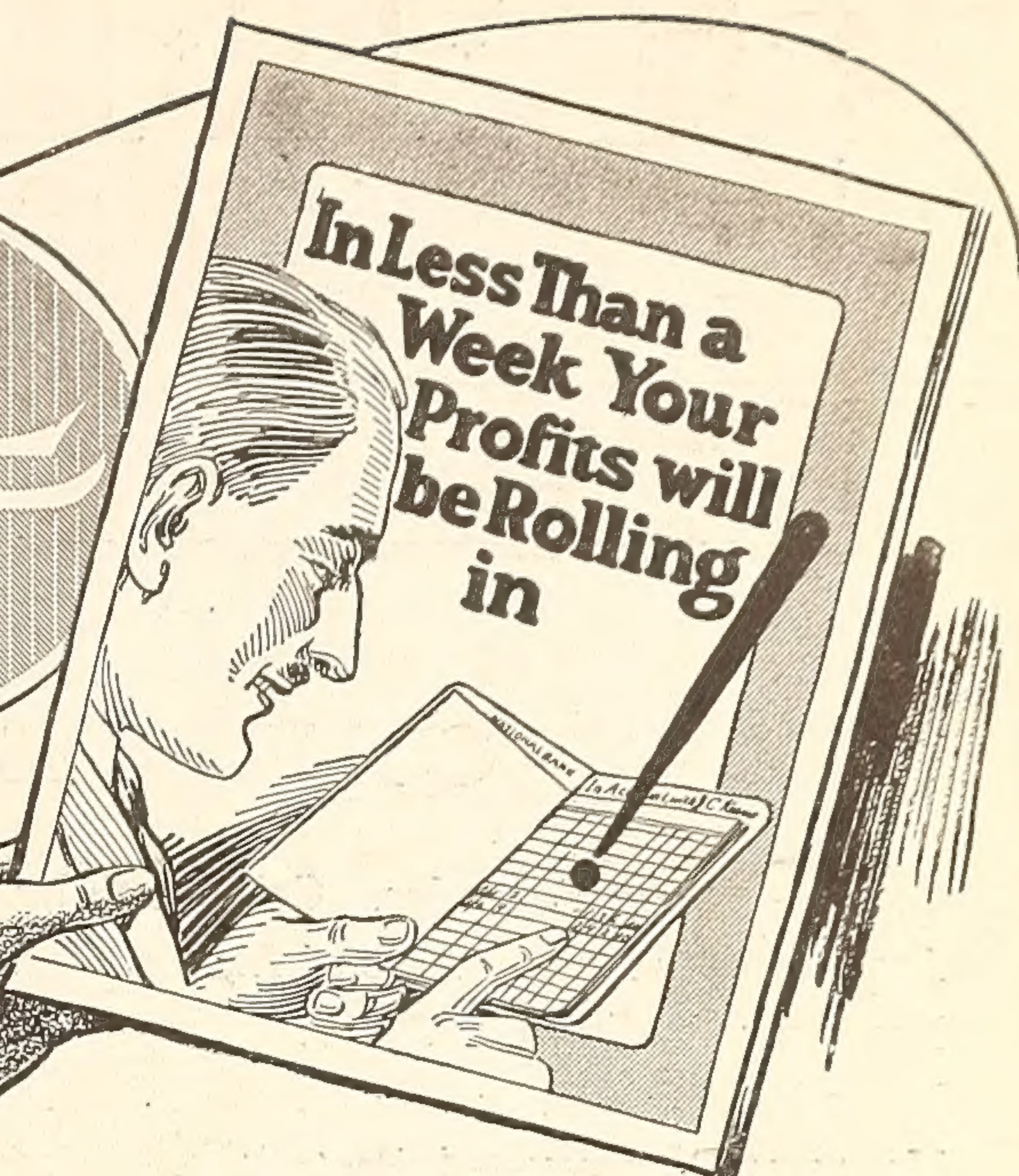
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made \$20 in a few spare hours; Mrs. J. F. Reilly made \$20 in four hours; Joe Williams, of Texas, makes \$26 a day; Albert Peters, of Kentucky, made \$20 in three hours, \$75 in one week, \$232 in six weeks—yet he works only in the evenings; G. M. Collum, of Alabama, makes \$250 a month working about half his time; Omer Lafreniere made \$15.85 in five hours his first day. These are just a few of the men and women who have found the "ZANOL" proposition tremendously profitable.

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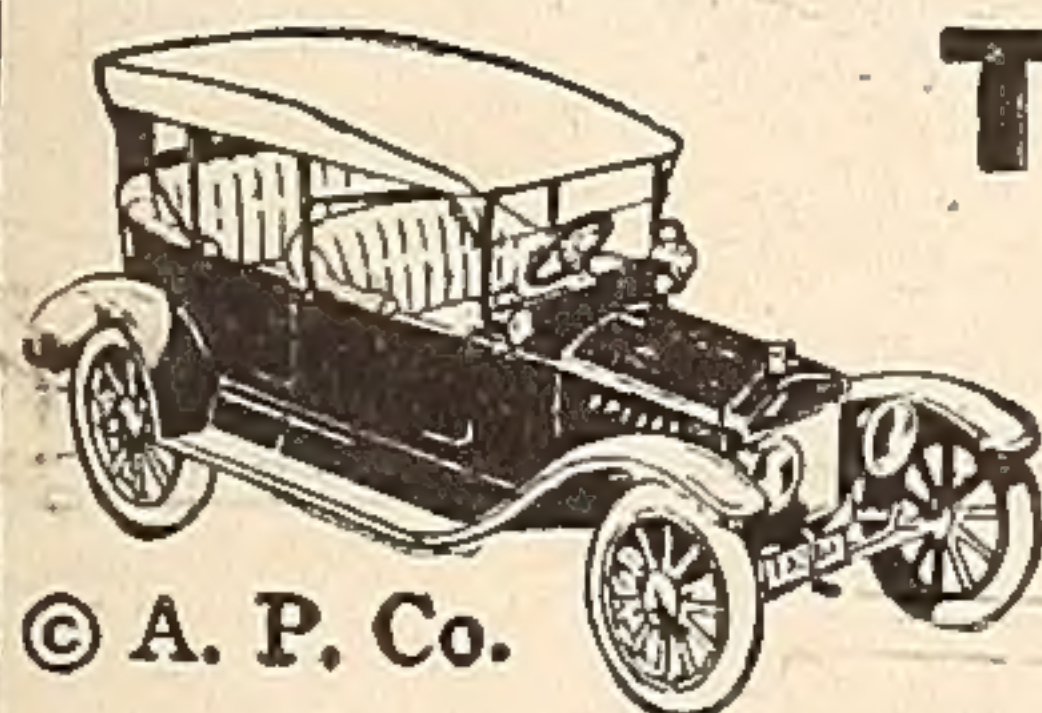
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SCREENLAND

The Independent Screen Magazine

MARCH, 1925

VOL. X, NO. 5

Eliot Keen, Editor

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Norma Talmadge

She is such a little girl to carry so much love. Norma Talmadge has made many pictures and with each picture she has made many friends; and her latest film, "The Lady," shows her in such a charming fashion that even if one fan were holding out he MUST now succumb.

So that makes it unanimous.

For the first time you can see the brown in her eyes in the Hesse Colorgraph on the cover.



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"I Knew Her When She Was A Little Girl"

IN THE APRIL

SCREENLAND

will be found one of the interesting stories in the series of articles written by the childhood friends of the great.

Mary Philbin in the days when she was only just a pretty little unknown school girl was a friend of Marian Smith Minthorne who has written a very interesting account of her memories of the girl who is now the brilliant star of "The Phantom of the Opera."

SCREENLAND is always glad to receive letters from any fan who has among his treasured memories intimate days spent with some playmate who has since become a popular movie player.

CYRIL HUME wrote "Wife of the Centaur," which was his first book; and it has made a very successful film. We hear much about the extras who become stars, the youthful damsels who become leading ladies; but rarely do we hear of the young author whose first offering to the screen becomes a huge popular success.

John Farrar, editor of The Bookman, writes interestingly concerning his friend, Cyril Hume.

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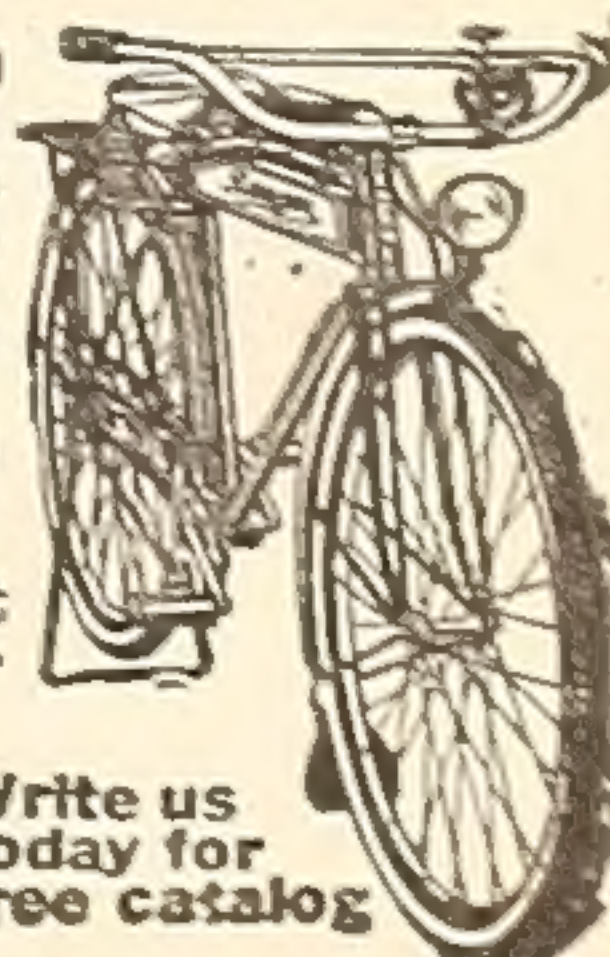
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Bill Carola

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Ask Me!

An Answer Page of Information

Address: Miss Vee Dee, Screenland, 145 West 57th Street, N.Y.C.

Mrs. M. McConnell—Mankato. The address of the Moving Picture World is Chalmers Publishing Co., 516 Fifth Ave., New York, and the Motion Picture News offices are 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Three dollars is the yearly subscription for either magazine.

Rowena. Bessie Love is actually 5.3, but being such a dainty little person she looks smaller. Bessie positively only takes a size 2C shoe; I can swear to this because I was interested enough to examine her shoes while in her dressing room recently. No, she didn't throw it!

An Admirer—Knoxville, Tenn. All right, quizzical mind, be satisfied. Richard Dix is not married; never has been. He lives with his mother and sister. Bebe Daniels is 5.5 and weighs 120 pounds. If you write either Richard or Bebe at The Famous Players-Lasky studios, Long Island City, New York, I am sure they'll oblige with photographs.

A Tearle Fan. Many thanks for your kindly remarks; I really do appreciate them. Conway Tearle does not, I understand, belong to either the Lambs or Players. As Mr. Tearle now makes his permanent home on the coast he has become a member of the L. A. Athletic Club. Conway was surprised to learn recently that his name was Frederick Levy—it was the first he had heard of it, and on inquiring into the matter discovered that a Mrs. Levy was anxious to claim him as her son or step-son or something. I wouldn't mind claiming the handsome Conway as a relation myself, would you? Line forms on the right.

Maple Leaf and Phillis Blake. Goodness me, but Ramon Navarro is the popular boy! He was born in Mexico and at the present moment is in Rome with that hardy perennial, the "Ben Hur" Company. Yes, Mary Pickford was born plain Gladys Smith in Toronto, and her address is 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga.—oh, these handsome Southern men! Bennie is 5.11, has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. He's much better looking off the screen than on. Recently I had an interesting conversation with this popular star; you certainly show decidedly good taste in admiring him. He is awfully unassuming, loves receiving fan mail, and, judging from the stills he showed me, you are going to like him more than ever when you see his next picture with Anna Q. Nilsson.

E. A. Roller—N. Y. C. Heights and weights of the players you mention are

as follows: Gloria Swanson—5 ft. 3 in., 112 pounds; Pola Negri—5 ft. 4 in., 120 pounds; Nita Naldi—5 ft. 5 in., 130 pounds; Betty Compson—5 ft. 2 in., 115 pounds; Norma Talmadge—5 ft. 2 in., 120 pounds; Constance Talmadge—5 ft. 5 in., 120 pounds; Mary Pickford—5 ft., 115 pounds; Barbara La Marr—5 ft. 6 in., 125 pounds; Rudolph Valentino—5 ft. 8 in., 154 pounds; Jack Holt—6 ft., 173 pounds; Antonio Moreno—5 ft. 9 in., 150 pounds; George Walsh—5 ft. 11 in., 180 pounds; Conway Tearle—5 ft. 7 in., 170 pounds; Douglas Fairbanks—5 ft. 7 in., 150 pounds; Eugene O'Brien—6 ft., 160 pounds; Richard Barthelmess—5 ft. 6 in., 135 pounds; Percy Marmont—6 ft., 150 pounds; Thomas Meighan—6 ft., 170 pounds. Alma Rubens is at the moment with Associated Exhibitors and her address is, care of Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

A reply is sent direct when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed; otherwise letters are replied to in these columns.

Bert Lytell Fan. You have endowed me with all sorts of powers I fear I don't possess. Oh, now, behave! I read your letter with interest and will pass your remarks on to the editor. Bert Lytell was born in New York and belongs to a family of actors. He has been on the stage since he was seventeen. Last Broadway production was "Mary's Ankle," in which he co-starred with Irene Fenwick. His first picture was "Lone Wolf" and first starring success, "Trail to Yesterday." He is five feet ten inches, has dark hair and hazel eyes, and weighs 155 pounds. Was recently divorced from Evelyn Vaughn, and if you address him care of Sawyer-Lubin, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, all letters will be forwarded.

Robert McKim and Robert Adams—San Francisco. Paramount announce production in February of "The River Boat," which will be screened under the title of "The Devil's Cargo." The cast includes Wallace Beery, Claire Adams, Pauline Starke and William Collier, Jr. "The Garden of Weeds," with Warner Baxter and Betty Compson in the principal roles, is a Paramount production. Letters addressed to Helen Green, care of the Famous Players studios, Long Island City, will be forwarded.

Betty J. Clemens. I should think you just were excited on finding your mother knew Pola Negri's mother. If you address Pola at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, I'm sure

she will answer your letter. Address Joe Moore at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Ave. and Sixth Street, Long Island City, N. Y. Have you seen Joe in Gloria's latest picture, "Wages of Virtue?" Colleen Moore will be found at the United Studios, Hollywood, for the next month or two, after that First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York, will attend to her mail.

Velma T.—Kansas City. Of course you are not asking too much. Richard of the broken neck—you know he had a wretched accident some months ago, don't you?—has his mail sent to the F. B. O. Studios, Melrose and Gower Streets, Hollywood. If he remembers perhaps he'll tell you where he spent the first five years of his life.

R. F. Duke. Gish is Lillian's correct name, and letters will find her at the Inspiration Production Company, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Gunvor Ericsson. Rin-Tin-Tin receives his dog mail at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd. Strongheart has his read to him by Jane Murfin, his owner, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal., and Carol Dempster reads her own at the D. W. Griffith Productions, 1476 Broadway, New York. Barbara Bedford is with the Thomas H. Ince Productions, Culver City, and her next picture is "Percy," with Charles Ray. Irene Rich says that eyes play the leading role, and the face serves only as a background to bring out their expressiveness and depth. In her next picture, "This Woman," Irene makes her eyes speak even more than usual.

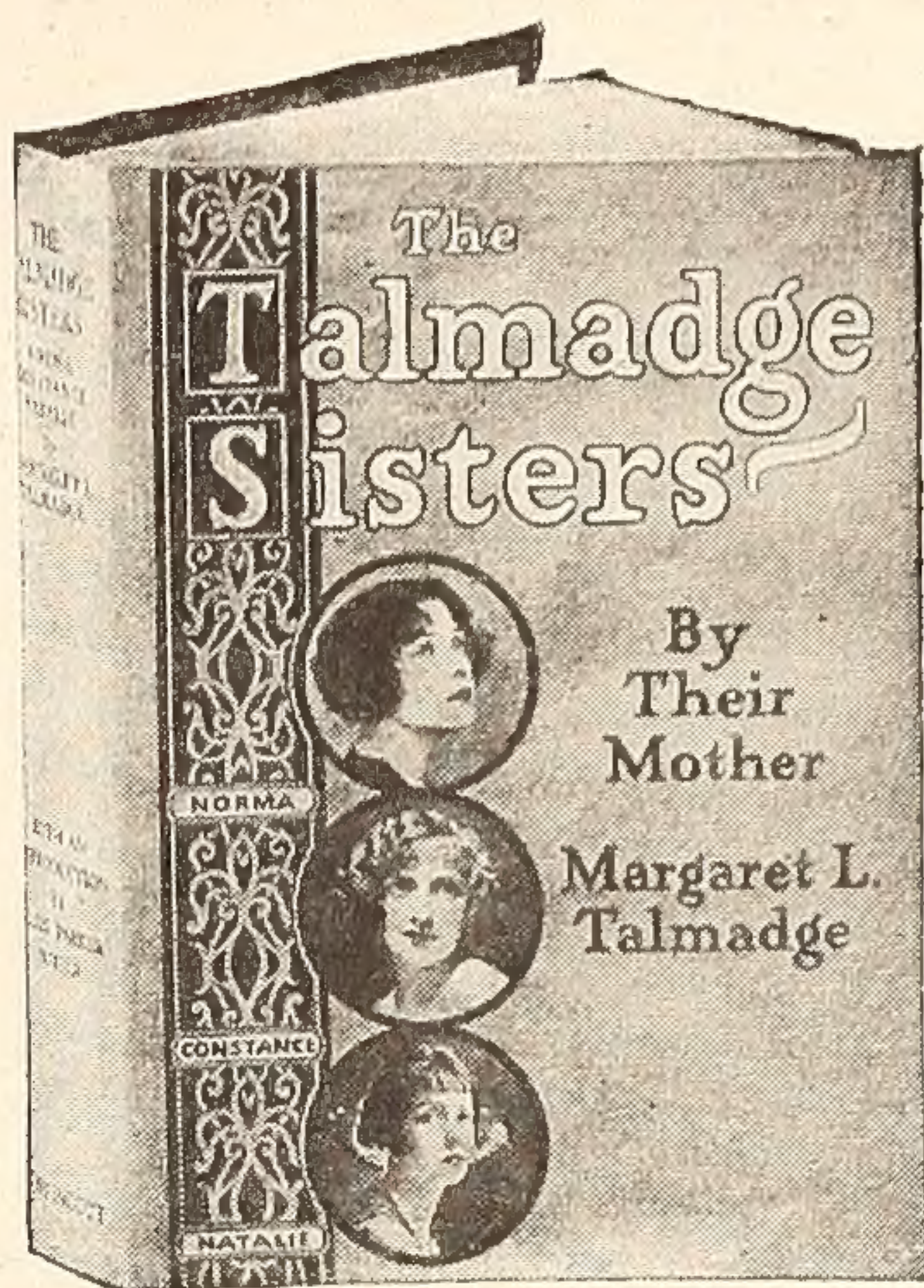
Duke—Southport. Norma Shearer hails from Montreal. She is comparatively a newcomer but in the two years she has been in pictures her strides have been rapid. She is looked upon in the picture world as a player of beauty and intelligence, and her popularity is immense. Address her at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City.

The April Cover of
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Behind the Screen

New York City has its movie gossip as well as all the movie money.

IMAGINE the thrill of being only seventeen years old, and coming to New York City from California, and when you got off the train to step into a howling mob of people, assembled there to greet you! Cameras, still and motion, trained on you for the newspapers and the news-reels; delegations of girl and boy scouts to shake your hands; a group of reporters crowding around demanding your "impressions"—as if you had any just then!—and a great film magnate saying, "Welcome, Peter Pan—I mean Miss Bronson!"

Well, that's just what happened to Betty. She came two days before Christmas, arriving a little before ten in the morning. After the preliminary excitement at Grand Central Station she was whisked away to face more photographers and interviewers; and almost before she had time to take a deep breath she was all dressed up as the hostess of her own great big Christmas party at the Hotel Plaza that night, where several hundred of filmdom's aristocrats and representatives of all the important papers and magazines were assembled to do her honor. Her picture, "Peter Pan," was scheduled for premiers at both Rivoli and Rialto Theatres on Broadway, beginning December 28. And Betty, her curly bobbed head bobbing, was dancing like an elf among the critics who were to tell the world if Betty Bronson was, indeed, the "Peter Pan" of Barrie's dreams. (Incidentally, they told the world in no uncertain terms.)

It was a nice party, with a tree, a Santa Claus and a score of Broadway beauties dressed as Peter Pans. Jesse Lasky received from Santa Claus a little gold thimble, which, as he explained, means in Never-Never Land lingo a kiss. Betty's snowy-haired mother was present, her handsome face glowing as she watched her newly-famous chick. Betty danced with Mr. Lasky and Herbert Brenon, the man who directed her in "Peter Pan," and also with a very ardent cadet who looked as if he had stepped out of a set for "Classmates." Betty wore a very girlish dress with ruffles, such as any little boarding-school girl might have worn to a Christmas party, even if it was her own. She has

a shy, engaging little air which captivated everybody. She looks a little more than her advertised seventeen years—in fact, she is one of those lucky mortals over which the fairy godmother, Madame Movie, has waved her magic wand, from which Betty emerges the spirit of youth and joy.

Betty Bronson is securely ensconced as a Famous Players luminary; but the company's plans for her are as yet indefinite. At first it was announced that the wonder-child of "Peter Pan" would be starred next in a Herbert Brenon production of the popular novel, "The Little French Girl." But then, as some one has wickedly conjectured, Paramount read over the story and discovered that the heroine gets married, or something like that; and so it became out of the question to present Betty in the role, as their intentions toward little Miss Bronson are to keep her in parts which do not call for anything even remotely suggesting sex. The Wendy of "Peter Pan," winsome little Mary Brian, has been mentioned as the girl who will be little and French in the contemplated production of the best seller. Bertie Brenon will undoubtedly pilot Betty through her second picture, whatever it may be.

* * *

Two of the most conspicuous people in any film gathering right now are Ben Lyon and Peggy Joyce. Now that Peggy has definitely cast her French hat into the ring for motion picture honors she has gone in for it with a verve, appearing at almost all of the film first nights, and also being among those present at the various small and select gatherings given by the elite of screenland in New York. Ben proves himself a capital entertainer—at one party he appropriated a handy lampshade and did a daring dance that was very funny. He has become an idol of the newspaper ladies as well as the stars. And so far he hasn't had himself engaged for more than a month.

* * *

GUESS what? You never could. Bebe Daniels is being squired about town by none other than Maurice—don't know his last name—of the internationally smart and celebrated dancing team of

Maurice and Hughes, now holding forth at one of the selecter supper clubs of the rialto. Maurice used to dance attendance occasionally on the popular Connie Talmadge. But although he would and did dance with screen stars he would never step before a camera with them. He has reversed this rule for Bebe, it is said, having consented to dance in a forthcoming Daniels production.

* * *

POOR little Connie! Everybody has been condoling with her in her great sorrow. She's so game about it, too, such a good little sport, that we almost wish it might have happened to some one else.

Her family went to Europe, and she got left behind! She came east with her mother, Joe Schenck, and sister Norma for the express purpose of embarking on a long and well-earned vacation abroad. But brother Joe got busy while in New York, and before she knew it he had arranged for the release of more Constance Talmadge comedies. She thought she was 'way ahead in her schedule but under the new arrangement she had to go right back to Hollywood and—work! She's such a merry, gay little soul, such a cheerful comrade and good fellow that we wish she could have had the vacation that her heart was so set on, even if the fan world will be the winner.

But while she was here she managed to make New York sit up and smile. Her slender, graceful figure was seen, in gorgeous new gowns, at all the first nights and dancing parties that were given while she was here. There's always such a perfect mob of men around Connie that it's hard to tell whom she's doting on at the time, but I really think she is perfectly heart-whole and fancy-free at present. The Talmadges in their apartment at the Hotel Ambassador gave one lovely tea party, attended by Anita Loos and John Emerson, Dick Barthelmess, John Golden, the producer of "clean plays," whom William Fox has induced to become also a supervisor of clean pictures; Mrs. Al Smith, the governor's wife; Grace La Rue of vaudeville, Conway Tearle and his wife, Adele Rowland, Earle and Mrs. Williams and many others. Oh, yes, and the Gish parrot. This parrot is one of the Gishes' most cherished treasures; and when the girls had to dash out to California for a personal appearance for "Romola" they left the bird with their friends in the same hotel. The parrot was the most mournful in that gay gathering; he alternately kept crying for "Doroth-ee" and then "Lillian."

The family life of even such a busy family as the Talmadges is not negligible by any means. There were at least a dozen photographs of the two babies, Natalie and Buster Keaton's kids, around the room. Norma is looking younger and

more slender than she has since her Vitagraph school days, and she remains, as always, the most natural of any of our "bigger" stars. She probably owns more sables and pearls than any other actress, having them lavished upon her by her adoring husband; but she can get more kick out of a ham sandwich at Childs' than caviar at the Ritz. And that's what we call being human.

* * *

Is Dick Barthelmess taking himself seriously? I don't know; but he has bought for his future film use a play called "Great Music," the hero of which has temperament, temper and almost everything else before the final curtain, including leprosy. Maybe Dick will change the story as he has the title—to "Soul Fire."

Saw him coming out of Dunhill's on Fifth Avenue—the "tobacconists," just before the holidays; with his arms full of packages. And will you believe it, the spectacle of him in his raccoon coat actually held up traffic! Not that we blame 'em.

* * *

THERE'S a play in New York now so naughty that several sheriffs have been around to see it, with the view of slapping its hands if it isn't good. So far "Ladies of the Evening" have remained unchastened. And I should think that the mere sight of James Kirkwood in the cast would be enough to whitewash any lady. James and Lila, who's back in pictures, have established a new home in Manhattan for themselves and Jimmy, Jr.

* * *

A FORMER film star who has come back in the legit. is H. B. Warner. He is repeating his old success in "Jimmy Valentine" in another crook drama, called "Silence," one of the outstanding hits of the season, as they say. Mr. Warner is an actor and a gentleman. He married Rita Stanwood, once a popular stage player, and they have a fine family of little Warners, to whom H. B. is so devoted you wonder when he has time to rehearse. He used to make pictures for Thomas H. Ince, and "Shell 43" was one I'd like to see re-issued.

* * *

NORMA TALMADGE had a nice Christmas present from her husband—among others. Mr. Schenck purchased, before going to Europe, the film rights to "Madame Pompadour," the musical comedy in which Hope Hampton was to have appeared, but which instead features Wilda Bennett. What a lovely Pompadour Norma will make!

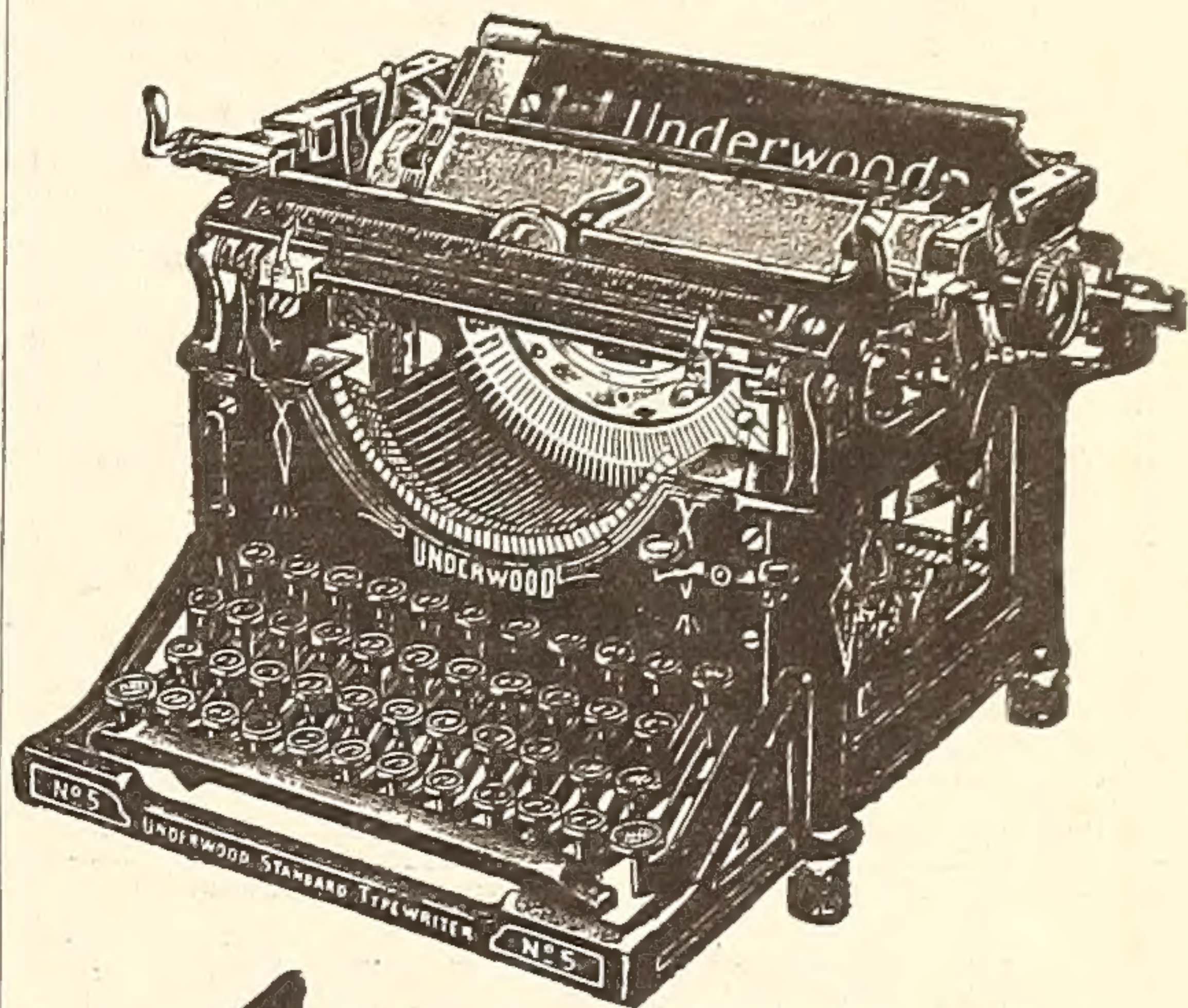
* * *

ELSIE FERGUSON is very good in a bad play, "Carnival," another concession to the Molnar craze, which has apparently hit producers. Come on back to pictures, Elsie.

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REAL LIFE STORIES for April will have many stories each complete; and while they all will deserve close attention and repay with delightful entertainment, there is one story that you will particularly enjoy. Read

The MYSTERY at Lucky Strike

By Howard E. Morgan

"I know eet ees so. An' Dave Halchell who gets de Croix de Guerre from France—maybee—he weel help me?"

She came close. Rested her hand on his arm. Her eyes were suddenly shining; cheeks flushed.

Halchell's heart pounded wildly. "W'y—w'y sure, Miss. I was figurin' on stickin' around here a while, anyhow. I heard back in Malemute they was havin' a hard time findin' a mail runner. Last three got killed off sudden like, between here an' Sudbury. Had a idee I might apply for the job. An' now—I know I will."

Never was a honeymoon more adventurous than Dave Halchell's and little Marie's. Marie brought Trouble for her dower, but the trail leads to happiness.





John Gilbert

Follows his remarkable success in "Wife of the Centaur" with the role of Danilo in "The Merry Widow."

SCREENLAND

MARCH 1925

Natacha Rambova

SCREENLAND is proud to carry at the masthead this month the name of Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. In the movie world where artistic temperaments are not always "sympathique" it is a delight to look upon beautiful Natacha—as good and helpful a wife as ever darned a sock—or designed a million dollar production!



Photograph by Feature Fotos.



*Pauline
Garon*

*One of the
screen's foremost
flappers.*



Q The blond and beautiful Phyllis Haver sets sail for gay Paree in a few days where she will be featured in a series of pictures with Johnny Walker co-starring.



Q Rupert Julian personally supervises the make-up of extras working in his latest production, "Phantom of the Opera." See all the phantasies! Julian's perfect dreams

HOLLYWOOD

WELL, WHO WOULDN'T?



Q Al Wilson in "The Air Hawk" lives up to the title and causes consternation among the poultry. Gosh, how they hate it!

An Open Letter to
ERICH VON STROHEIM
By Myron Zobel

DEAR ERICH:

WHEN I heard that *Greed* was having its premiere I cancelled my tickets for the Ziegfeld Follies, broke an engagement to go dancing with some friends, telephoned home to have an early supper and rushed with my wife to the Cosmopolitan theatre to see your feature picture. I guess you will believe me after that when I say that you are the only film director that can upset my home that much. I'm newly married.

Well, Erich, I guess we all fall down some time. Only why rub it in. Two years and then—a series of sewer-pipe love scenes and a lot of daubs of yellow on the film to look like gold!

I realize that all these touches, except the yellow,—even the Pluto water bottles—may all be good art. What I know, however, is that they are certainly not good taste. I do not object to your little ironies in a picture of high life. What turns my stomach is your malicious vulgarity in a picture of low life.

Greed, in my estimation, as a picture was not as good as the book. The film lacked contrasts. It lacked high spots and low spots. It was all low spots.

Erich, I think I know the reason that your picture was not convincing. You hit your public too near home. You got away from the continental sort of thing in which you are supreme. You know the foreign run of mind. You don't know ours. We don't think and we don't act the same way over here that they do abroad. You were trying to tell us about something that we know better than you do. No hard feeling, Erich. Better luck next time.

The MOVIES'

WHEN A NEW FILM PRODUCTION IS SHOWN



Marion Davies, who gave us "Janice Meredith." The crowd at its opening created a record for mass and class.

IT'S night-time along the Great Bright Way. The gayest street in the world is lighting its lamps and opening its doors. A thousand signs twinkle their invitations to the Big Show in the main tent. Night-time—bright-time—carnival.

Pretty soon portly men in musical-comedy costumes come out and survey the scene. They are joined presently by other men, not so portly, with anxious eyes that scan the street. These are the amusement merchants—the doormen, the house managers, and the press agents of the pleasure palaces along Broadway. As limousines and lowly cabs begin to draw up to the doors of the



The fan feels that here is an opportunity to exchange a friendly smile with each favorite.

theatres, the custodians of the entrance and of the box-office breathe simultaneous sighs of relief—the first contingent of customers has arrived! Lovely ladies in ermine capes descend daintily and trip ahead of their escorts through the throngs now surging along the street—up and down, up and down. Occasionally, at an astonishing ankle, the throngs will slow up ever so slightly to get a longer glimpse; but, as the owner of the enticement vanishes into the lobby, it will resume its tireless march, up and down, up and down, as at the order of some huge and unseen traffic cop.

On some nights, between eight and half-past of the clock—that giant clock that no longer, alas, silently ticks above Longacre Square, but by its own hands has been obliged to give way to a gigantic advertisement for collars or coffee—a subdued excitement seems to pervade the street. Something extraordinary, obviously, is about to

At the first night of a new film only the shadows go to the stage entrance; the stars themselves and their star friends enter the theatre between lanes of "First Night Fans."



"First Nighters"

TO CRITICAL BROADWAY—By *Delight Evans*



This photograph was taken at the Broadway Theatre at one of Mr. Moss's big nights.

happen. There is an atmosphere of unrest and expectancy; it possesses the throngs in their ceaseless drill, and even ties up the traffic. Suddenly, there is a boom, and the crowd rushes forward in the glare that accompanies it. Two of the street's biggest traffic cops have held up their gloved hands, and traffic is automatically suspended. Taxicab drivers fret and fume as their tardy freight mutters imprecations. Limousines and their costly cargoes are held up, too, while the first act gets well under way without them. The passengers of the surface cars crowd to the doors and windows to watch the show. Aunt Sarah, shoved forward by the curious crowds, finds breath to gasp to Uncle Ben: "What's all the shooting for?"

Somebody's elbow is in Uncle Ben's mouth, so he can't answer. But as it is his first visit to Broad-

A ripple of sound goes over crowd as each person tells his neighbor the name of the celebrity who runs the gauntlet at the movie premiere.

way, he doesn't know the answer yet, anyway. It's only the thousands who surged at the sound of the boom and the sight of the sudden flash of light, who know. It's a show—put on just for them—a great show for which there is no admission requirement except strength and determination—and no price to pay except, maybe, a smashed chapeau, or a bruised ankle, or an aching instep. And it is well worth it—just ask any member of the audience who rushed forward as one man when the roar of the flashlight cameras announced a new movie first night on Broadway.

There was never anything like it in the good old days—any old-timer
(Continued on Page 91)



Lillian Gish. Her wonderful "Romola" brought Rome to the screen and all New York to the George M. Cohan Theatre.



"Faith and belief in everything good has brought him the light."

Blind

Man's

BLUFF

*How Stuart Paton,
sightless and helpless,
bluffed misfortune
and won.*

By
Marion
Brooks
Ritchie



"A WEE bit o' faith packs an awful wallop," says Stuart Paton. And if only you readers of SCREENLAND could step into the room where this man who wouldn't quit lives and have him tell you his story! His story of two years blind.

It's a small room; the room of an artist, with paintings hanging on all the walls, and one, of water and tiny ships sailing into a safe harbor, standing on an easel. It seems to be waiting for the last few strokes of the brush.

It comes to you—he's been blind for two endless years; and for the first time you really sense the horror, the terror of such awful darkness.

But a wee bit o' faith packs an awful wallop, and Stuart Paton *believed*—that's the word, *believed*—and, so believing, won.

They told me he was tired and had been lying down, but would be right in. I don't know what I expected him to look like or what I figured he'd say, but I didn't think he'd be a big Scotchman, with a big, soft smile. I certainly didn't expect him to ask why his story would interest anybody. He was "only a director, a director of 'movies,'" he said. I assured him there were thousands of us waiting to hear it. And, little by little, with a few smiles and perhaps a few catching lumps in the throat, he told me.

It was 1922—July sixth, to be exact. Stuart figured he'd spend three dollars, go to the Auditorium and take in the Friday night boxing bouts.

"And, mind ye, listen," he said, "by some peculiar trick

Q He is a big Scotchman, with a big, soft smile.

o' fate I took wi' me that night Owens, my chauffeur. Owens, the clever lad, had won a gold medal during the World War as a first-aid artist, and to him goes a great debt of thankfulness for the first aid that evening which probably made the return of my sight possible."

With one more bout to finish the evening's entertainment, the manager of the Auditorium stepped into the ring. It seemed that the policeman on the beat, the cop who watched their cars and helped make their Friday evening at the bouts more comfortable each week, had been in an accident. Quite badly hurt, too. Didn't have much, and, well—his kids and wife were kind of hard put, and couldn't they play "turnabout" as fair and sort of help see the poor devil through? That was the manager's plea, and, without a second's hesitation, the pennies, nickels, dimes—even dollars—were coming from all around the arena into the ring.

Paton turned. Great scouts, these fellows, when a guy



Q On location for "Bavu," the last picture directed by Stuart Paton before the light failed.



Q Tootsie and Jimmy, Stuart Paton's companions in the dark hours whose stout hearts helped him win the fight against the grim shadow.

was in hard luck. Crash! And one of those gracious, relieving silver dollars struck him squarely in the right eye. Oh, Faith, come to him now, for the eyeglass is broken into hundreds of pieces and each piece seems to have entered that delicate eye!

That, I say, was the right eye. Stuart Paton was born blind in his left. Oh, wee bit o' faith—

But the Great War had given us Owens, first-aid man, and with that first-aid skill he succeeded in extracting the two largest, most deadly pieces of glass.

"And to think," laughs the canny Scot, "there was one more bout to do. Weel, I'm still figuring on a rebate for the last reel I paid for and couldn't see!"

For two hours and ten minutes they worked on his eyes, giving him no anaesthetic of any kind. The doctor said he could work better without it, and the chances of recovering sight would be greater. Twenty-three pieces of glass were removed from the eyeball, the bandages put on, and then the long, long wait for morning.

It came—somehow it always does—and with it Doctor Bronson. Paton went on.

"Now for the fun," I laughingly told him, and he started removing those wearisome bandages. He seemed to stop, and, says I, 'Weel, Doc, pull off that last one so I can see. It's dark.' I heard him step across the room and then, 'Paton, that last bandage will never come off,' said Dr. Bronson."

And to Stuart Paton, actor, artist, director, came the realization that sight would never again be his. He would never see to finish painting

(Continued on Page 90)



Clara Bow

Photograph by Lars Moen.

The MOST VALUABLE BABY
ON EARTH

Horoscope of Jackie Coogan's Brother Shows He Will Earn Millions

Q Mrs. Jack Coogan and her mother, Mrs. Frank Dolliver, at the door of their Hollywood bungalow. Jackie Coogan not only won a place for himself, but his fame has made his baby brother already well known.



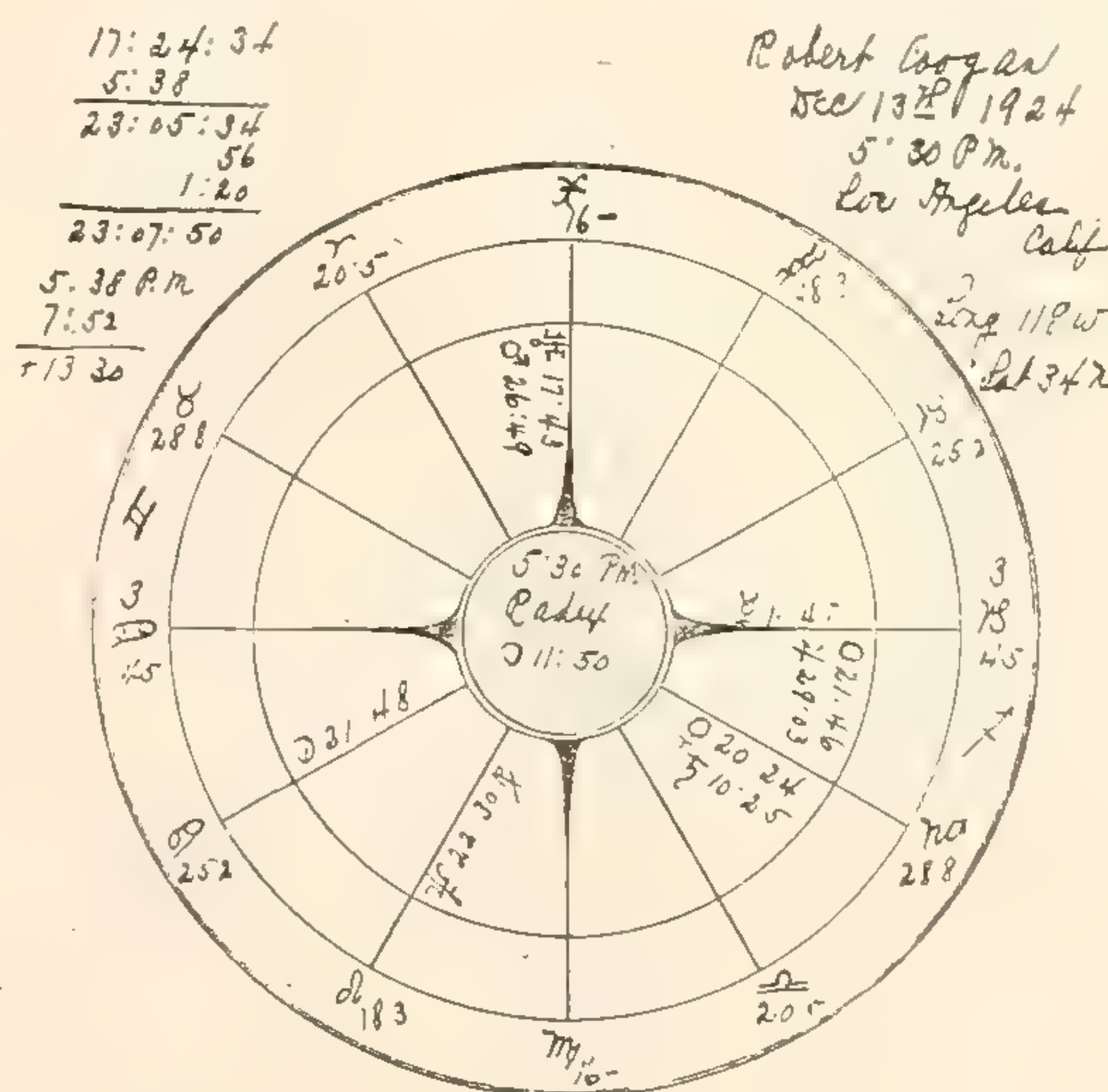
By
Jane Carleton

THE super-sensitive and highly emotional sign Cancer was rising when little "Bobby" Coogan was born. The Moon being his "ruler," or the planet having the most influence on his life, all the marvelous influences the Moon receives will benefit him personally. Little Bobby will be very restless, fond of change, and very receptive to his environment and surrounding conditions. He should have his own room, and under no circumstances be allowed to sleep with older persons, or any one whose health isn't up to par, for he would readily take on their conditions.

It is very seldom that the "Ruler" of the chart is in aspect to so many planets that promise so much good. The Moon also rules the house of money and is in favorable aspect to Uranus, the planet ruling moving pictures; and also to Mars, the planet of force and energy, both of these being in the house of his business activities, and all three favorably aspecting Venus, the planet of beauty and the artistic side of the nature,



Q Mr. Jack Googan, proud father of Jackie and his new brother, Robert Googan.



An Astrologer's Chart; by means of which the influences which control the destiny of little Robert Coogan are plotted.

which is in the house of the amusements of the public, showing conclusively that little Bobby should be a picture star of unusual abilities, and a great financial success as well.

His best work will be along emotional lines. His adaptability will make it possible for him to play almost any line of parts, but he will shine most where pathos, sympathy, suffering and affection have to be portrayed. Being so hyper-sensitive he will do much better work if he is given a great deal of encouragement; an occasional pat of approbation will spur him on to renewed efforts. Fear of ridicule will always make him do his best; and should his director be so unfortunate as not to understand his sensitive nature and be harsh or stern, little Bobby will crawl into his shell, and it will take a great deal of coaxing and petting to make him natural and at ease again. He is so high strung and so finely attuned that it won't take much to upset him completely, but with it all he has such a lovable disposition with so much kindness and affability that he is going to be very easily handled, and

no director need fear outbursts of the Artistic Temperament.

The Sun being in conjunction with the benefic planet Jupiter, and trine to the mystical planet Neptune, further enhances the baby's chances of success. Not only will he be amenable to the suggestions of his director, but he is gifted with an unusual amount of creative ability as well. If his director is wise he will only suggest to little Bobby what he wants done, and then leave it to the child's own originality to work in all the little details, for there is artistic genius of a rare sort shown in this baby's horoscope.

The Sun in this chart representing the brother, and in trine to Neptune from the house of the brothers and sisters, shows that he will be helped by his brother in the start, but the Sun is also in unfavorable aspect to Mars and Uranus in the house of his business, showing that there is a likelihood of a split, when each will go his own way.

So many of the planets being in watery signs, giving so much emotionalism this child should never be allowed to indulge in stimulants of any sort, for once started there is no telling how far he would go. There can be no half measures with one of this temperament. If he only uses wisely his God-given talents there is no need to bring into play upsetting and changing conditions which are quite strongly indicated. But unless he acts wisely, there is danger of slander and loss of reputation at some time in his life.

With the Sun and Jupiter in unfavorable aspect to both Uranus and Mars, this child should never be allowed to do "stunts," for he is in more danger than the ordinary human being of falls, broken bones, cuts and bruises. And this is doubly true if he is allowed to ride horseback or go up in an aeroplane.

By the time this child is eight years of age, he should have made a reputation equal to that of his world renowned brother's. Not having seen Jackie's horoscope I cannot say this with assurance, but it is inconceivable that Jackie's chart promised more success both financially and artistically than this baby's does.



Miss Jane Carleton

whose growing reputation among astrologers won through her studious attitude to the remarkable, age-old science, has read the future of little Robert Coogan for SCREENLAND. Miss Carleton writes as follows:

The first question I am always asked is, "How did you become interested in astrology?" I was forced to believe through having the biggest and most important events in my life foretold.

When seventeen out of sheer curiosity I went to an astrologer.

Here are the three most important events told at my first astrological reading: *First:* That I had a strong inclination to go on the stage, and she felt sure I would. *Second:* If I married before my twenty-sixth year my husband would die of a neurotic disease. *Third:* That my father would go stone blind before he died and she told me about when I could expect his death.

I did go on the stage two years later; leaving it to get married before I was twenty-six. Being very much in love I forgot all about my astrologer, till my husband died of a neurotic disease. And while he was on an errand one morning, my father had a stroke and was brought home stone blind; followed two months later by another stroke of which he died.

From that day until I had learned enough about astrology to be my own counsellor, I went to my astrologist with the same regularity I went to my dentist.

I am absolutely sure that by knowing through astrology when and what "to do" I have gotten much more happiness out of life, and by knowing what "not" to do, I have been saved many a heartache. But remember the stars only point out the way, they do not compel anyone to take it.

*"From every power that holds the
world in chains,
Man frees himself when self-control he gains."*

SUCCESS PAYS DIVIDENDS

Movie Stars Enjoy the Grafts of Greatness



I WAS standing near the desk of the St. Regis Hotel waiting to see Hobart Henley. The St. Regis Hotel, as you may recall, was built to house and serve wealth and greatness. I tried to look like that. A lady of obvious wealth and position standing near, was asking the clerk to send outside and make a purchase for her.

"Madam," the clerk replied politely, "I regret to have to tell you that we are not allowed to undertake services of that kind. I am sorry."

The point of my story is this: I returned to the desk a little later. Mr. Henley had come in in the meantime and was calling from his room. I know that he made a request for service similar to that previously refused.

"Who, sir? Mr. Hobart Henley?" The clerk hesitated.

The chief clerk turned significantly. "It's all right," he said. "He's that famous picture director. Made 'So This Is Marriage.' You ought to see it!"

It was neither Henley's money nor his family that did the trick; it was that universal desire to give homage to the man or woman *who has done something!*

Let Richard Barthelmess tell you about Automobile Row learning that he wanted to buy a new car. "I hadn't any idea of just the car I wanted to buy. I only know there were one or two makes that I would *not* have, that was all. I had met several salesmen at the Automobile Show and spoken to them about their cars. After that they almost mobbed me the way we do it in pictures—all so nice about it, though." Dick tells things just as you see him in pictures—so modest, retiring and afraid of hurting

Alma Rubens and her prize winning fox terrier. Miss Rubens played the colorful role of "Maxine" in the Wm. Fox production, "The Dancers."

By Henry Albert Phillips

shop window; every other woman in the country would break her neck to buy one like it. But the big kick would be their pride in sharing part of Mary the Great's greatness!

Take little Jackie Coogan. Do you suppose the thousands who gather just to get a glimpse of him wherever he happens to be, are thinking of the half a million a year he is reputed to be making? No. Here is the kid who put a tear in a million dry eyes, who made tired hearts throb anew, who took them back for one happy hour to childhood. All they are thinking about now is gratitude; it's their tribute to greatness. What would each one of them give this kid, if it was permissible? Well, just ask Mrs. Coogan what they try to give Jackie! There is no one class or kind of gift

the other fellow's feelings.

Well, those salesmen vied with each other like Baxter Street clothing "pullers-in." Why, do you suppose? Just

because he was a customer? Not at all. Richard Barthelmess to them represented *achievement!* They weren't counting on commissions. Any one of them was ready to split his commission or cut it altogether. One proposition offered to cut the price practically in half. And then Dick made an unexpected trip west right in the midst of it all! It only goes to show—and speaking of hats, there's scarcely a milliner in the whole world who would not feel flattered beyond words if Mary Pickford would wear one of her most expensive bonnets, expense free! Of course, every one of them would like a picture of "Our Mary" wearing their bonnet to put in their

(Continued on Page 84)



Q Natalie Kingston, leading lady in "Feet of Mud," and "Ben Gal, The Cat."

*There once was a lady named Natalie
Who fell deep in love with a cat.
Her passion brought blisters
"Oh she's the cat's whiskers—"
The tiger said, "I'm getting ratalic."*



Q Mac Busch and Barree Busch.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO *The* ANIMALS *are*

ONCE a movie producer, with something about his ears besides his hat, looked out of his limousine as he rolled comfortably toward Westchester, and saw thousands of people entering the New York Zoological Gardens in the Bronx. "Cease firing, James," he ordered. "What's the attraction?"

"They are going to the Zoo, M'Lord, to see the animals."

The great producer, realizing that these people should be entering a movie palace, then and then hit upon a wonderful idea. Simple, too. "If they want animals we'll put 'em on the screen," he said.

Since that time the animal kingdom has been annexed by King Cinema. Far away Africa has been invaded to get screen talent. Peter the Great, Rin-Tin-Tin and other

Q Teddy, most famous of dogs and his studio pals.



GO TO THE ZOO ANY MORE

ALL in the MOVIES

The movie stars who have keepers. Motion picture studios turn into menageries.

pets have covered themselves with glory and adoring fan letters. It's getting so that the only way a bathing beauty can hold on to her place in the cinema is to rely on the appeal of her calves.

The animals are practically the only screen stars who admit that they are dumb animals.

Q Ruth Roland and her two burros. That's Burro Hall on this side.

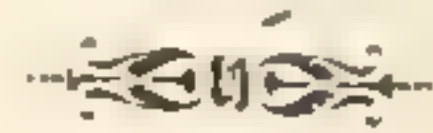
Q Madge Bellamy takes a little snooze and the elephant takes a big snooze.





The SECRET of

*What is the elusive something
that has won for her
our adoration?*



By

Charlton Lawrence Edholm

ARE you just a little shy—though you are a clever enough girl to conceal it?

Do you feel somewhat out of things because you don't really enjoy a cigarette—though you cough your way through one at a studio party?

Do you *loathe* cocktails—accepting them with a smile that looks almost natural?

Q She remains gentle, unaggressive, soft-spoken, well bred — in short, a lady.



Q She learned to speak in a low, unhurried voice. It is like soft music in this staccato age, that honeyed drawl of New Orleans.

Q She can look so perfectly helpless in this complicated civilization that the big muscled male just craves to do things for her.



CORINNE GRIFFITH'S CHARM



Corinne Griffith at the Hollywood Orphan's Home with the kiddies to whom she gave the Doll House.

Would you prefer to powder your nose in private—even while you flash a wicked lipstick because it's expected?

Are you a drafted flapper—not one who flaps from choice but because everybody's doing it?

Would you rather be just a girl?

No boy's figure, boy's haircut, boy's clothes and cuss words—but just a girl-girl, with long fluffy hair, and hips 'n everything?

Well, cheer up, girlie! You don't have to be a make-believe flapper if you don't want to.

You can even be a lady and get away with it.

Look at Corinne Griffith.

There is one queen of the silver sheet who has the wild admiration of every male who sees her—off or on the screen.

Materialistic movie magnates with big black cigars and hard-boiled leading men with trunks full of mash notes are stirred by her beauty to dreams of chivalrous deeds.

They would like to defend her from dragons—or traffic cops.

Extra men, juveniles, mechanics, black-browed villains and camera men all are impressed by Corinne's peculiar charm. They rave about her. When she appears on the lot one expects to hear a running fire of strictly A-1, gilt-edged poetical quotations, like the rattling of machine-guns.

The carpenter-murmurs: (Continued on Page 79.)



That is the secret of Corinne Griffith's charm; men dream of Ideal Womanhood when they look into her eyes.

BETTY Remembers

Betty Bronson, with elfin charm, as "Peter Pan," tries in vain to fasten on the recaptured shadow.



Q Has Success Turned Little Betty's Head?



By
Grace Frye

Q Though Betty Bronson is known the world over, and justly so, for her exquisite performance in Sir James M. Barrie's diminutive hero, she has not forgotten the friends of the days before her success. Left to right—Yuba Orloff, Betty Bronson, Miss Marjorie Williams, director of Studio Club, and Carmen Rowe.

AMBITION means lonesomeness.
Perseverance means discouragement.
Betty Bronson knows this, with all the ardent, soul-stirring emotions of seventeen.

Although her family are the delightful kind that can enjoy both church and theatre, they would have preferred some other vocation for Betty, and did not hesitate to say so. Motion picture people not being so very much in East Orange, N. J.

Her father was a traveling salesman for the Estey Piano

Company. Extremely proud of his fine family, he feared to have his beautiful little daughter start on such a venturesome career. But he recognized her possibilities and reluctantly became very proud when she acquired a small part in "Java Head."

But an untoward fate was never to allow Betty's beloved father to know of her success. For death came to him very suddenly. And on his very last trip it is told that everywhere was he hoping to see the picture, "Java Head." But it had always just left every town he made, or else was

just coming. Which was a continued disappointment, for he wanted so much to see his little Betty in that picture. Perhaps to judge if her resemblance to him was as great as every one seemed to think.

To this very day Betty's maternal grandmother, Mrs. Arthur Smith, also of East Orange, resents the varied publicity that has been thrust upon the family. "Don't Betty belong to us any more, just because she is Peter Pan? Must we all be disgraced by stories that Betty was hungry while trying to get in pictures?" she asks, not being able to see the humor or value of exaggerated press reports.

Even the sisters at St. Vincent's School of Newark joined with the family and tried to have Betty concentrate on studies, instead of screen.

More difficulties arose when Betty's star complex beckoned to California, for her mother could not leave the rest of the family. Accustomed always to love and protection, Betty could not travel alone.

But Betty persisted, helped figure finances, and finally, Minerva-like, came another grandmother to the rescue. She could and would go with Betty anywhere. And that was the exact time that Betty's luck began to cast its first tiny shadow. A shadow that was to have such a sudden and world-sized growth.

So, accompanied by family misgivings, mixed with family pride and hope, Betty and Grandmother Bronson started for California. In Hollywood the two found inexpensive housekeeping rooms on a very modest side street. Grandmother did all the housework, cooking, mending and even the dressmaking. While Betty started out with the assurance of youth to fashion a career.

Discouragement almost
(Continued on Page 79)



One of the most typical Barrie touches in the film is where Peter dances with delight at finding his lost shadow.

OUT of the CROWD



When filming "Galloping Hoofs" Allene Ray advertised for an extra. Hundreds of girls applied.

MEET MR. CHANCE

Beautiful Norma Shearer who was led by luck to the door of opportunity.

By
Rodney Hickok

SOME wise bird once remarked, "By the sweat of your brow you will get there." And those who believed him worked and sweated and in time some of them did get there, but a vast majority only had the pleasure of the work and sweat. Just look at yourself, frinstance!

Then came the Movies, and while Mr. Sweat continued to do business at the old stand, it was a gentleman named Chance who became the real Boss and the one who leads the favored few to the Land of Fame.

And no one really seems to be able to recognize this fellow Chance, although everyone at some time or other wishes for him. "If they would only give me a chance," or "I wish I had a chance." He always seems to be disguised. He may be at your elbow or just around the corner. *Especially in the Movies.*

Of course, after one meets Mr. Chance you begin to recognize him, and then Mr. Sweat steps in and takes a hand, and by following his instructions one makes good and "gets there." The greatest present day example of that in the movies is Betty Bronson. No one had heard of her a year ago, although her best companion was Miss Hope, who constantly whispered in her ear, "Some day you'll be famous, Betty, if we can only manage to meet Mr. Chance." She had

thought of Mr. Work and Mr. Sweat as a good firm to be with and through whom she might rise to the heights, but it would take time. And then along comes Mr. Chance in the guise of Sir J. M. Barrie and selects her to play "Peter Pan."

Mr. Chance often dons the cloak of unimportance when he meets the one upon whom he intends to cast his favor.

It's not so long ago that a slight little girl with a very beautiful face and large dark eyes appealed for work in a crowd during the filming of "The Menace." It meant five dollars for the day's work, and she wanted it. Also Miss Hope, her companion, was encouraging her to do "extra" work. No one seemed to pay much attention to her and Miss Hope was on the verge of leaving her when Mr. Chance appeared on the lot, this time in the guise of George Utell, the assistant director. Something in the slight little figure attracted him. He chose her and several others, and the filming of the crowd scene was done. A tiny bit of special business was assigned her by Utell. When the rushes were shown the next day in the projection room, her part stood out vividly. She had made good.

And her bit of acting attracted the attention of the director and others when they saw the film in the first projecting. From that day her rise has been steady

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To every one, some time, comes a chance. In the movies, as in every other job, the great moment arrives unexpectedly.



Photograph by Henry Waxman.

Dorothy Mackaill



Dorothy Mackaill has been cast to play the title role in "Chickie," Eleanore McCherlin's famous novel.

"A SHAPE

*Screenland's expert returns from South America
but his imagination keeps on wandering*



Q Marine Knight in "So This is Marriage." Matrimony is getting more and more attractive.

THE screen dances forward on a fresh set of legs. They sprouted during my absence in South America, and but for that absence I might never have observed new calves in old pastures.

South America calls bulk beauty; pulchritude and pounds are indivisible. So, when the first-row-chorus moves immensely about theatres of Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro—in tights—one must have a taste for mountain grandeurs to appreciate their cuteness.

Or be bucolic, understanding the comeliness of cows.

Or alcoholic, applauding everything.

Me, I grew homesick for the symmetry we admire outspokenly for art's sake. Yet I feared to return lest in three months the infant industry had progressed so furiously that did I ask, "What's Jackie Coogan doing now?" some one would answer, "Playing old-man parts with Theodore Roberts."

Instead I find little changed except the beauty spots.

Let's be idyllic. At the magic pool of Hollywood a host of new nymphs gathered to bathe. A satyr stole their clothes; whereupon they wrapped themselves in publicity and became movie

Q Madeline Hurlock, a 1925 Wampas Baby Star. Cute hair-cut, isn't it? Didn't you notice it?



Like a MILLION DOLLARS "

By Gayne Dexter

stars. Something like that may have happened, although the facts are more apt to prove historical repetitions: that once again Hollywood bowed down and worshiped a back more graceful, a curve more enticing than its own. Lazily generous is Hollywood, periodically tiring of exertion to keep a shape just so-so, and resigning in favor of some Venus who thinks the Daily Dozen are cross-word puzzles.

So far I've been too occupied to notice the faces of the girls on these pages. Perhaps they're beautiful—but who cares? Too much importance is attached to faces, anyhow.

A face measures less than one-eighth of the feminine form. Remember that, little girl, when you draw the curtain, lock the door and drape yourself in the chiffon of stardom before the cheval-glass. The thing I complain about most bitterly among film extravagances is the waste of beauty during the years that Sennett's bathing-girls developed long skirts and dramatic urges! And those who could manage no more than the skirts developed thick ankles as cafeteria waitresses while ten thousand Eves grew ancient yearning for a chance. Blame the public that said, "No costume plays;" blame the censors who decreed, "No no-costume plays." In the subsequent confusion the only two performers seen *au naturel* were Strongheart and Rin-Tin-Tin.

A NEW MOTTO FOR BEAUTY

Not that the ban is less severe today. Far from it. Nevertheless our portion of pulchritude again extends beyond eyes, nose and a winning smile. "The Perfect Woman" is a title forgotten since Annette Kellerman wore it years ago; now Hollywood, in just those words, adores Marine Knight, artist's model and exquisite Atlas, whose shoulders bear the weight of the movieworld's popularity. Hobart Henley's production, "So This Is Marriage," will reveal what histrionic ability Marine has. None, I hope quite dispassionately; for the screen needs more adornment, less dramatic effort. The Follies permit me to watch some stunner who would be fired if she tried to sing a note, dance a step. Studying her, I can forget wearisome stars. Movies present few such opportunities, far too few. So, relying upon an old poker-table acquaintanceship, I hereby exhort Mr. Henley not to let Marine emote even though she be the Divine Sarah's reincarnation.

Give us beauty without theatrical grimaces!

Give us, not mobs of passable extras, but two or three pips! wows!! wizzes!!!

And put them where we can see them!

Mack Sennett's bevy provides two-score additional reasons why wanderers return home. But for how long will comedies content them against paths that Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson and Mary Thurman took? Subtle propaganda is necessary to combat dramatic haliatosis; slogans and catchlines to encompass art within a decorative yard of satin. Into the weekly pay envelope of Elsie Tarron, Thelma Hill, Evelyn Francisco and all those others whose



Q Betty Blythe. You will see her in "Chu Chin Chow." In spite of the modern arts she still uses the old sure-fire appeal.

perfect understandings exalt the husband uxoriously misunderstood. Sennett should insert a card—

"The call of Higher Art is the moan of extra pounds and excess inches!"

—and follow up with another kind thought each week until Water Wows see stardom only as the camouflage of the withering rose.

A beautiful dream, my masters!



Marian Nixon was a little extra in "The Temple of Venus" (there she is on the left end). But when the picture was shown she stood out bigger than the temple. Perhaps it was her dancing, anyway—



Marian got her chance to do a bit in "Kentucky Days"

TWO years ago Marian Nixon left her big brown-stone home on the corner of Hennepin and Niceolet Avenues, Minneapolis, and went to Hollywood to make a name for herself in pictures.

Marian was only eighteen then and now she's twenty, but already she has made the grade from EXTRA to LEADS.

In the first place Marian could dance, and so well that she was given an extra part in "The Temple of Venus," one of those huge screen reviews. But Marian wasn't swallowed up; in fact, she stood out quite distinctly. And along came a director with an offer of a "bit."

Gaily Marian danced her way out of the shadows of obscurity right into the limelight of leading feminine roles.

Nonchalantly she captured one of the thirteen Baby Wampas prizes for the season of 1924.

Cheerfully she accepted any role given her and played it with all her skill and understanding.



With John Gilbert Marian helped put over "Just Off Broadway."



Miss Nixon next played lead opposite Buck Jones in "Big Dan"

UP SHE GOES!



Marian Nixon makes the quickest trip on record from the common lot to the crowned heights of the screen



Marian Nixon, the Fox-star, who brings to the screen a delightful personality.



Marian Nixon with Buck Jones in "The Circus Cowboy." Little Marian is the right size to be treated just like this.

Another Girl to Love!

Marian Nixon climbs on her pedestal in the Hall of Fame

CHAMPIONS

By Grantland Rice

THERE is no topic in American life more absorbing than the will to win and the thrill of competition on land and water, with thousands of contestants in action and millions looking on.

Each one has his or her dream of championship glory, the applause of great crowds, the sweep of big headlines and the physical fitness which helps to make up the drama.

It is this thrill of action and reward of speed, strength and courage which J. L. Hawkinson



Q Notice's Race, Rose Tree Hunt Club, Philadelphia, Pa.



Q Miss Sally Lanier of Greenwich on her famous jumper, Silvercrest.

and I have attempted to present through "The Grantland Rice Sportlights," distributed by Pathe. We have kept them to one reel in order to preserve unflagging action throughout, such as the best of games might know.

The terrific growth and interest in sport has been so amazing that few have comprehended its full expansion.

For example, in two months last fall there were over twelve million paid admissions to football games in the United States. There were nine million

paid admissions to the two major leagues, and at least six million more to the various minor leagues from coast to coast. And this shows only a small part of the general interest. When Notre Dame played Northwestern in Chicago only 30,000 were present but there were one hundred and sixty-five thousand applications, which lack of seating space cut down. Football crowds from sixty thousand to seventy thousand at one game are common sights.

All this while there were two million golfers busily engaged in flitting from bunker to bunker as nearly a million caddies carried their clubs and looked for the elusive ball.



Q Miss Aileen Riggin, finishing a dive under water. Bermuda.

Q You have all seen Grantland Rice's wonderful slow motion pictures of spirited contests and dramatic finishes where the players seem to be swimming in air as thick as cold molasses. Here the great sport authority tells his purpose and his plans. All photographs are from the films and copyrighted.



Q Plansky of Georgetown broad jumping at the Relay Carnival, Franklin Field, Pa.

In football, baseball, racing, boxing, golf, tennis, track and field, swimming, polo, etc., sport has run so far into the millions that it is almost beyond belief. Millions in attendance and many more millions in dollars. Admission and attendance in general upon sporting events last year alone must have run above seventy million, there being, of course, many duplications.

With this growing interest, increasing in size every year, "The Spotlight" series has made a valiant effort to show not only the leading champions in action but to present also the thrills and color and outlines of all the leading games—to show why they are champions and to prove the



Q A sprint along the cinders, Newark, N. J.

case under fire—to demonstrate visually what it means to be a champion in the world of sport.

The list of champions we have put into action runs well above eighty, with every leading star shown. Here you will find the ways and methods of Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden, Paavo Nurmi, Devereux Milburn, Tommy Hitchcock, Helen Wills, Glenna Collett, Ailene Riffin, Gertrude Ederle, Johnny Weismuller, Gene Tunney, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Charley Paddock, Jackson Scholz, Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, Cyril Tolley—champions not only from the United States but also from England, Scotland, France, Spain, Australia, Canada, Finland, etc., who have contributed some gallant deed to the cause at large.

Slow motion pictures show how they do, the basis of their form, and then how they look in the whirl of competition that follows.

"The Spotlight" series shows the thrill and interest in this golden age of sport.



Q The start of a relay race at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Pa. No thought of prize or money to gain, but only the will to win drives them forward.

New Screenplays

Reviewed By Delight Evans

SCREENLAND'S BEST BET *Of the Month:*

Carol Dempster fools her critics and plasters down her lovely curls—And that's not all! There are no kinks in her performance in "Isn't Life Wonderful?"

"It's the spirit of youth and joy wrapped up in celluloid."

"Peter Pan"

THERE wasn't any "private showing" of "Peter Pan." The first time any one had a chance to see it was the other Sunday when it made its bow at two Broadway theatres. And all New York was there. Ma and Pa and Bill and Mary, not to mention the older folks. A critic from every paper; screen stars; cynics; school-teachers (maybe they're the same thing); students, and just people. And when Betty Bronson, as Peter Pan, comes right out at you and asks so wistfully, "Do you believe in fairies—oh, say that you believe in fairies!" the whole audience went wild. There's never been anything quite like it in any motion picture theatre. You might have been at a children's party—for kids of all ages. Every scene brought a chuckle, or a giggle, or a subdued murmur of "Ah!" That Manhattan audience forgot it was grown up; and it is said that the ushers had to take care that some of it didn't try to fly out of the theatre.

I kept pinching myself—at least, I hope so—at every new wonder in Herbert Brenon's and Betty Bronson's "Peter Pan." It was too good to be true, it really was. Because I saw Maude Adams a long time ago; and I never forgot that. I remember her *Peter* asked us to wave our handkerchiefs if we believed in fairies, and the Never-Never-Land, and joy—and I couldn't wave, I just choked. But I'm older now, and when Betty fired that question at us, I clapped till my hands tingled. And because I am older I mingled my appreciation of fairies with a sigh of relief that a girl of the films had miraculously brought *Peter Pan* back. You don't think of her that way, of course. She's just a bad little, good little boy, not an actress at all.



"An unbelievable child is this Betty Bronson."

Wendy and Tiger Lily aren't the only girls who will fall in love with the picture *Peter*.

Barrie didn't know it, but he wrote *Peter Pan* for motion pictures. No matter who played it on the stage the wires just *would* show. No matter how willing you are to be led along, after all if when Peter tries to fly off the pirates' ship, and can't because something's wrong with the mechanics back-stage, *Peter Pan* doesn't hold all its lure. But on the screen there aren't any wires. I am sure that Betty and Mary Brian and the Darling children really learned to fly but that they can't actually tell us the secret because if they do they won't be able to fly any more.

An unbelievable child is this Betty Bronson. She was

born to play this part and it's not for us to wonder how she could do it. Ernest Torrence is the *Captain Hook* and you can just imagine how good he is. Besides, he sails a real ship on a real sea. And the mermaids are not just mentioned—they're really there, all shimmering and beautiful. *Tinker Bell* is an exquisite little fairy, not just a ball of light. *Nana*, the dog nurse, would shove Rin-Tin-Tin

and the rest right off the screen if he didn't happen to have an actor inside of him who has a heart.

After all, *Peter Pan* is too elusive to be talked about above whispers. See it, and cherish it in your memory. It's the spirit of youth and joy wrapped up in celluloid, and any one who fails to enjoy it deserves the crocodile's revenge—and a crocodile without the warning tick-tock.

"Here is Carol showing 'em! They said she couldn't act. Well, just go to see."

Mr. GRIFFITH'S GROWING PAINS

"Isn't Life Wonderful"

I WISH Grandpa Griffith would take off his high silk hat.

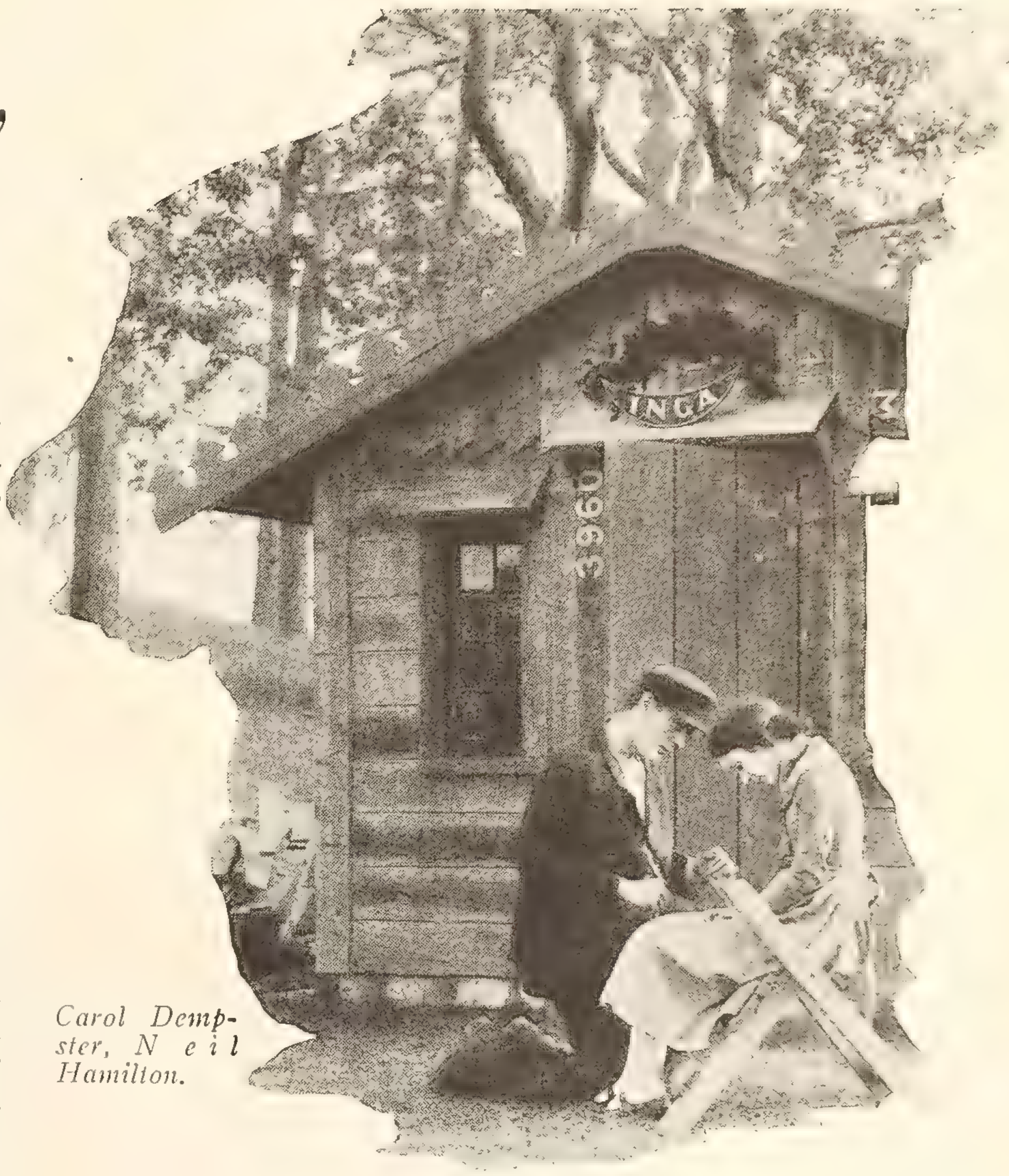
He's a great guy—nobody admits that as freely as I do. He's our Foremost Director and always will be, by right of age and eminence. Besides, he looks the part—and he doesn't have to wear a wrist watch or a slave bracelet to do it. Perhaps his name has contributed something; surely no one named David Wark would have a right not to live up to it. And there's some ability to take into consideration, too. It's with his ability that I'm most concerned. Especially as it is exemplified in his latest if not greatest, "Isn't Life Wonderful?"

That title was enough to keep the sophisticates away from the theatre—before they read what the New York critics had to say. As a matter of fact, though not intended as such by Mr. Griffith, I feel sure, this picture is a sombre study in realities. Designed, very probably, as a more or less saccharine exhibit of the triumph of youth and love over sordid circumstances, it becomes a tragic little essay of the pitiful hopefulness of small souls. It is very nearly great by accident.

It was heralded as another one of those "distinct departures in celluloid drama." We have one every other week if the press agents are to be believed. But this time there was truth in it. It is a daring picture—without one undraped woman. There is no villain and no suspense. Believe it or not, this is a Griffith canvas without a chase or a leer. The heroine, poor starved little mite, is not "desired," as is the usual thing with D. W.'s forlorn maidens. No—all that the members of the cast desire is a good, square meal.

Germany after the war—a suburb of Berlin, to be explicit—is the "location." And Griffith went to this suburb to get his set. His players went, too, and lost themselves completely among the "atmosphere."

I don't know if Carol Dempster enacted her marvelous scene in the bread line on an empty stomach, but if she came directly from an appetizing luncheon to her part then she's an even finer actress than I



Carol Dempster, Neil Hamilton.

"The triumph of youth and love over sordid circumstances."



Carol Dempster

give her credit for—and that's going some. For Carol is a complete revelation. Considering her youth and comparatively brief apprenticeship as a Griffith heroine she has been shabbily picked on ever since the director chose her for his leading woman. They said she was awkward and lacking in charm; they said she couldn't in a million years join that almost sacred circle which includes Mary Pickford, the Gishes, and Mae Marsh. And here is Carol showing 'em! They said she couldn't act. Well, just go to see "Isn't Life Wonderful?" If you can resist her as *Inga*, you're the original grouch who told the children that there isn't any Santa Claus.

Mr. Griffith must be a very kind-hearted man. He is always getting all worked up over some one's sorrows. He championed the lost cause of the old south; he pictured battered Belgium; and now he takes

to heart the plight of home-loving, peaceful Germany after the recent war. He has trained his cameras on their souls—(I hope his advertising men read that and use it in their twenty-four sheets). But now—having seen, appreciated and wept with "Isn't Life Wonderful?" I wonder why Mr. Griffith doesn't decide to pity the motion picture audiences of America. We like to laugh!

His story concerns the romance of *Hans*, a young German, and *Inga*, his refugee sweetheart; their efforts to raise enough potatoes to get married on; their ceaseless labors and hoarding; their horrible dinners of potatoes and turnips—except on that one grand occasion when *Inga* has a lucky break and furnishes the family with some real food—all their trials and tribulations and final heart-breaking disappointments which *Inga*, the philosophizing Pollyanna or dumb-bell, call her which you will—turns into a triumphant love-song by saying, "But Hans, we have each other. Isn't life wonderful?"

Any charges of pro-Germanism which may face Mr. Griffith for daring to turn our attention to the sufferings of our ancient enemy must be scattered when it is considered that he received his story from Major Geoffrey Moss of the British Army. As propaganda, it is more effective than a thousand "drives." As drama, it is exceptional. As entertainment—well, we leave it to you.

I can't help wishing that "the master" would stop trying to reform his audiences and try instead to amuse and entertain them. It is not, alas, a fine motion drama such as

"Isn't Life, etc." which will move us most to sympathy and kinship. It will be something like Charlie's "Shoulder Arms!" which did more to cheer nations in the world war than anything until the armistice. I don't mean D. W. should resort to gags—Hays forbid! His idea of comedy is too truly rural. But let him set himself, if he must be the savior of the celluloid, to drive out dark despair by diverting methods, even if he has to call back his trained doves and kittens to accomplish it.

He's sort of a Peter Pan, anyway. His art has never grown up. His direction has stayed very much the same. If he could only forget his traditions, throw away his high silk hat, and scrape up a sense of humor, how great he would be! It is not that "Isn't Life Wonderful?" is not one picture in a thousand. The mere fact that the heroine is homely all the way through and fails to be dressed up even as a bride is enough to recommend any picture as distinctly unusual. But there is so much unsuspected promise hidden away in it that the director should be led by the lapels and have it pointed out to him.

And now that the day's lesson has been done, without one single little boy or little girl having to be called up to the desk to have his hand smartly slapped by the ruler—anyway, so far as I can see—suppose we say don't miss "Isn't Life Wonderful?" Just one of Carol Dempster's hungry close-ups will send you home to your groaning table crying in loud tones for potatoes or turnips or anything. It's a great picture—especially if you like potatoes.

"The most beautiful picture I ever saw is 'Romola.'"

RECKLESS "ROMOLA"



IF Mr. Griffith has the propaganda complex, then his most distinguished pupil, Miss Lillian Gish, has a heavenly one. Ever since the celebrated lily of the celluloid has been out "on her own," she has gone in for religious reform. In "The White Sister" she spurned the affections of Ronald Colman—what strength of character that must have called for! I don't know of another leading lady who could have done it. Ronny is one of those gents who always gets the girl—but not Lillian. Now, in her second independent stellar drama, Miss Gish resorts to "Romola"—a fine old tale by George Eliot, destined to increase the star's reputation as the champion saint of the screen.

The most beautiful picture I ever saw is "Romola." It is positively breath-taking in its loveliness. And

Tito, played by William Powell, and Dorothy Gish have more colorful scenes than Lillian.



it is the first film I have seen actually to reincarnate a period in history—always excepting "Intolerance." Other dramas have done their best and succeeded in faithfully portraying past times and temperaments; but "Romola" is real. It takes you right back to Florence in the days of the de Medici; it shows you Savonarola, the fiery fanatic who finds an ardent if frail defender in our heroine; and it gives you the most convincing portraits of a strenuous and sinister age that you will ever find anywhere, even in the very best books. A year of desperately hard work under Florentine skies—skies sometimes sunny but more often sour—produced "Romola"; and as a thing of beauty it is well worth the effort. It is a triumph for the girl who made it. Not her greatest characterization so far as showy histrionics go; but as a study of subtlety and quiet grace it has not been surpassed. Miss Gish is not even the outstanding figure in her own picture. Her "Romola," by the very nature of the role, is forced to give way before the gorgeous character of *Tito*, superbly played by William Powell. Herbert Grimwood, who is the physical twentieth-century edition of Savonarola, is next in interest; and even Dorothy Gish, as a little roughneck of romance, is provided with more colorful scenes than her sister.

The opening chapter is a thrilling battle at sea—with all the authenticity that "The Sea Hawk" skirmishes lacked. If the picture could have kept up the tempo of those first few scenes it would easily make the "masterpiece" grade. But it descends into long-drawn-out and often dull dramatics. A little child sitting near me wailed, "I wanna go home—you told me it'd be exciting!" I didn't want to go home—I never walked out on a picture in my life; but I did wish that Lillian Gish had selected a more stirring story to enact against the beautiful backgrounds.

Miss Lillian Gish in "Romola" has a heavenly complexion.

The story is all about "The Show-Off" of his times—a swaggering, suave fellow who kids everybody in Florence until he begins kidding himself—and then it's the Arno for *Tito*. William Powell makes a perfect picture in the part. He should play Cesare Borgia. Ronald Colman plays an artist, steadfast and true; and as we have always been led to believe that artists are not like that, his performance can't be blamed if it's lacking in excitement. He, too, fits into the portrait; and another who

adds dignity is Bonaventura Ibanez, as *Romola's* dad. He looks as if he should be on an old coin. The other players are aristocrats, either of acting or of Italy's social register. There is a banquet scene, the first in film history at which almost every guest behaves as a perfect little lady or gentleman. While disappointing in a way, it provided a note of startling originality.

There's much more to be said for and against "Romola." My quarrel with Miss Gish is that she is apt to lose her sense of humor in her ambition for art. It is too bad, but we would rather see sinners, or ordinary human beings, than martyrs any day. Because William Powell plays a lovable rogue he is the central figure on the huge canvas. Because in New York right now there is a play called "The Firebrand," written by a press agent who was once fired by a film magnate, featuring the lusty duels and amours of that splendid sinner, Benvenuto Cellini, the crowds may not flock to see "Romola" as they should. I wish Lillian would give herself back again that little crooked smile of "Broken Blossoms."

"Romola" is well worth going miles to see, however, even though the action slows and becomes dull at times. For it pictures vividly the exquisite beauty of Italy and the drama of a period in history which is noted for its drama.

Vive Lillian!

"The Wife of the Centaur" is just about everything a motion picture should be."

"The WIFE of the CENTAUR"

THE KID HIMSELF

SOMETIMES a motion picture reminds me of a spoiled child. It's perfectly adorable when it's natural but when it tries to show off the results are positively painful.

"The Wife of the Centaur" shows the kid in an offhand moment. He doesn't know there's company so he isn't self-conscious. He can just be himself. Oh, gosh, how I wish he could always be like that! Because "The Wife of the Centaur" is just about everything a motion picture entertainment should be except instructive. King Vidor has nobly refrained from hurling a moral at us when he could have done it with a gesture. Consequently his "little picture" has a spirit of unquenchable gaiety that keeps you on the edge of your seat all the time and even in danger of turning a sudden hand-spring into the lap of the bass viol player in the orchestra (which would startle the poor man out of his wits and toupee and might even bust the bass viol). In other words, if you still have a bit of youth somewhere about your person, you can't help falling for "The Wife of the Centaur"—and—er—the Centaur himself.

He is something new to pictures. He exists in real life just for the fun of it; just to turn the canvas from dull gray to gay crimson once in a while. He's bold and he's bad, but he's human. And Jack Gilbert is the kid himself. Jack with his sly eyes, his spoiled mouth, his prince-of-wales slouch—both of manner and hat. He's the sort who can "break a girl's heart twenty times a day—and patch it up each time." Eleanor Boardman is the girl who was willing—and not one girl there wouldn't have changed places with her in a minute. A broken heart has its compensations when the Centaur does the damage.

Jack—or Jeff—sees his lady of the moment in the



Q Aileen Pringle is the vamp who never understands the secret of John Gilbert's nature.



Q "He goes back to the lovely Eleanor Boardman."

swimming pool and jumps in after her with all his clothes on. That's the spirit of the picture. He's always doing things like that. He talks like that in his titles. He marries one girl when he wants another. He resolves to reform—and then falls for a pretty blonde. Imagine a hero who seems as much surprised as you are at his own impulses! Jack is so spontaneous that he seems to forget a camera is recording his actions to hold against him if he ever tries to turn into a real "hero."

He turns conventional toward the very end—but as it is lovely Eleanor he goes back to, you forgive him that, too. Otherwise we could have wandered with the Centaur into

other careless adventures, and the bolder he'd be the better we'd have liked him. Aileen Pringle plays a vamp and never lets you forget it. She's the only one concerned who wasn't in on the secret of the Centaur's refreshing "I don't care." She's an optic full in her bathing suit; incidentally she provided a big laugh to the audience I sat with when she slipped a filmy negligee over her equally filmy nighty. It was her only concession to chumminess.

One of those things who have read the book sat next to me. Instead of looking at the picture he kept fretting

about the dreadful things King Vidor, Jack, Aileen, the extras, the bathing pool, and the title writer were doing to poor Cyril Hume's story. Mr. Hume, so far, hasn't been heard from, but you couldn't help hearing the man who read the book. I was enjoying the picture so much I didn't care what was in the book and didn't even trouble to pound the book-worm over the head with my umbrella. These people who spend all their time in a theatre worrying about what a film company is doing to their favorite book should stay at home with it.

"Edna Ferber deserves a slap on the wrist."

So BIG

FORTUNATELY, First National offers "So Big" with the following explanation: "Colleen Moore in Her Greatest Histrionic Achievement." If they hadn't taken the trouble to do that I'd be at my wits' end trying to decide what it was that Colleen was driving at. Since her own company admits it is a great histrionic achievement, I guess that settles it. Maybe "histrionic" doesn't mean what I thought it did.

Miss Moore has been praised for her convincing portrayal of old age in the later reels of "So Big." Well, *Selina Peake* grew older, but whatever else she was, she was *not* elderly. She did not dodder. She was an alert little body of advancing years, all right; but she didn't need the trusty cap and cane to put over that fact. Miss Moore doesn't fall back upon these old props, but she does dodder. She uses the old, traditional movie tricks to denote senility. She looks old, thanks to her make-up, but never once did she suggest to me that she really *is* old, inside. Her characterization does not fail for lack of honest effort. I have seen a good many hard-working girls on the screen in my time, but never such a toiler as Colleen. Her determination is worthy of a greater ability.

But, notwithstanding the fact that the star works, and works hard, it was selfish of her to choose for her vehicle Edna Ferber's "So Big." The results resemble one actress' picnic. It wasn't so much fun for me. An imaginative adaptation would have helped; but instead of using their wits and resources, those concerned stuck doggedly to the



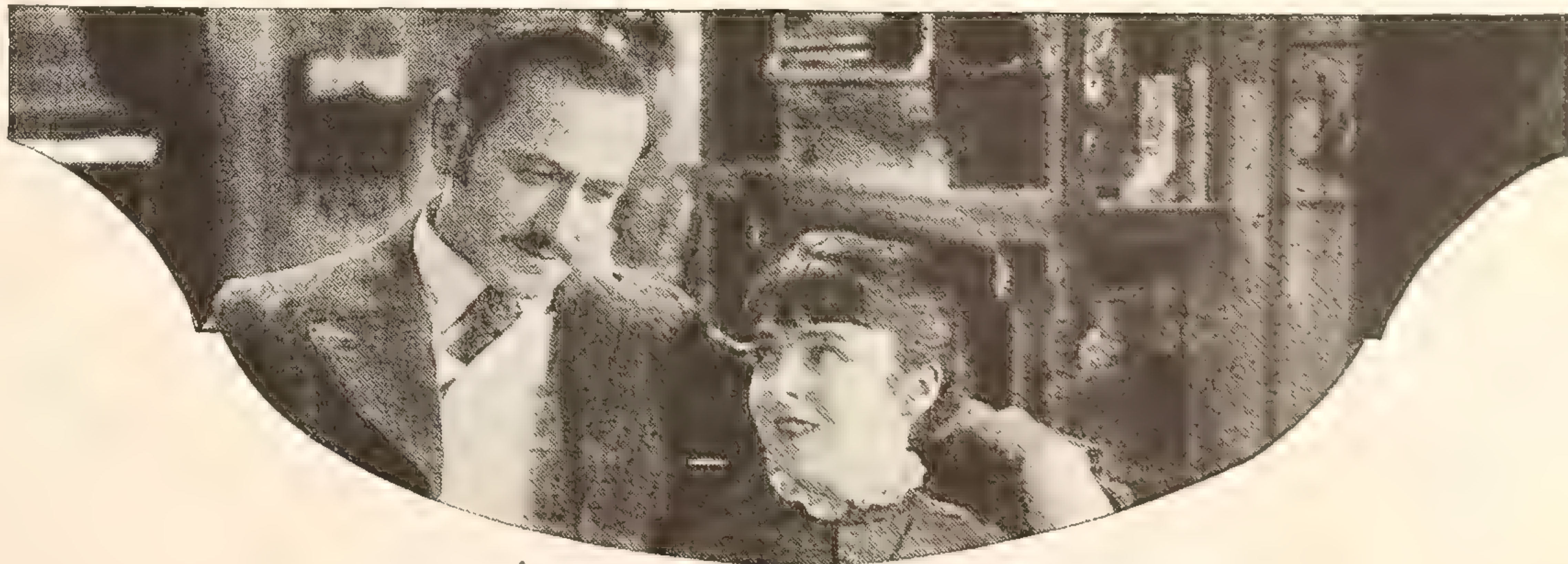
Charlotte Merriam, Colleen Moore.

"Her own company admits it's a great histrionic achievement."

text, forgetting that there are thousands who have never read "So Big," even if it is a best-seller. Not only has "So Big" failed to capture the indomitable spirit of the book, but it has failed to provide good screen entertainment. The motive was praise-worthy; the methods mediocre.

Charles Brabin's direction is surprisingly old-fashioned. It looks to me as if he had directed by numbers. In the "big scene" in the home of Rosemary Theby, who might just as well have worn a badge saying "Vamp," all the actors seem to move to "One—two—three—act!" Colleen Moore as *Selina* shakes so strenuously at times in her efforts to appear elderly that it resembles a discreet shimmy.

But after all it is not Miss Moore, nor Mr. Brabin, nor the company which deserves the slap on the wrist. It is Edna Ferber, unnatural mother, who sold her beautiful child and then dismissed it from her busy brain, who should have a good, old-fashioned spanking.



Miss Moore has been praised for her convincing portrayal of old age in the later reels of "So Big." Joseph De Grasse and Colleen Moore.

"It's no super-special or other soup; it's just good entertainment."

“LOVE'S WILDERNESS”



(LOTS
of
LOVE)

*Corinne Griffith
Holmes Herbert*

Corinne is one of our leading specialists in love.

THE good old “love” titles are coming in again. The gentle emotion was always dubbed “passion” in the old days but since the Hays house-cleaning, it’s love. Just to keep the feeling-alive, this month there are two pictures to press-agent the thing. “Love’s Wilderness” is by far the better. It’s no super-special or other soup; it’s just good entertainment. Besides, it has Corinne Griffith; and Corinne is one of our two or three leading specialists in love. It never seems incongruous when Corinne has all the men in the cast in love with

her, as it often does in screen affairs. It would be strange if they weren’t. We all know that Miss Griffith is not making her screen debut; that on the contrary she has been making regular appearances for a good many years. Yet when she wears her hair down her back and romps around as an ingenue she makes you believe it. Even the older ladies do not sniff and recall her first pictures. And when she grows up she manages to retain an air of a little girl dressing up in her big sister’s clothes. So you don’t mind when two such stunning

leading men as Holmes Herbert and Ian Keith are both madly in love with her. I wish some kind scenario writer would write in a role for Herbert in which he is not picked on. He looks like the kind of man who wouldn’t stand for it. But getting Corinne was probably more than compensation for all he went through. There’s variety in “Love’s Wilderness.” It begins in Louisiana, jumps to Canada, and then to a tropic isle. But there’s always Corinne right there to take you by the hand in case you feel dizzy.

“One of those Spanish things.”

“ARGENTINE LOVE”

“ARGENTINE LOVE” is one of those Spanish things.

Spanish people may behave like that, but I can’t see why the director lets them do it on the screen. They simply seem to romp around shouting, “We’re Spanish—didn’t you know?” Because Bebe Daniels is a dashing brunette it was probably assumed that she would be a convincing senorita; but to Bebe’s credit let it be said that the Spanish spirit didn’t get her to the degree it possessed the other members of the cast. She re-

mained herself, and practically saved the picture.

She’s one of those heroines who are so much in demand that her admirers go around muttering, “What is mine, I keep!” I know of no actor in the films who can mutter this so well as Ricardo Cortez. He has a way of narrowing his eyes which must mean he is awfully continental. He’s very, very handsome; but he isn’t Rudolph Valentino, and some one should let him know it right away.

If I were James Rennie and any director told me to act the way he did, I would challenge him to a duel unless I



Ricardo Cortez.
Bebe Daniels.

Q "Bebe remained herself and practically saved the picture."

could think of that "four-letter word meaning punch in the eye." Otherwise, I would stick to the stage. The most convincing Spanish gentleman in the cast is Marc Gonzalez, who may be a real Spaniard. Unfortunately, Marc is killed off rather early.

BORN RICH

IF "Born Rich" had been made in Germany "press and public" would rise as one—one what? don't ask foolish questions—and chatter, "What charm—how continental—these Europeans are so daring." But as it was made in little old New York—up in the Bronx, in fact—it will probably be placarded as just another society drama.

It isn't a great picture—far from it; and it makes no such pretensions. It is a comedy-drama of two young people, "born rich," and it takes place in settings which cannot boast gold bathtubs or French maids wearing little caps and lace aprons and high-heeled shoes. It is one of the first, or very few movies, to let the rich live in houses and not palaces; and to make them behave in a manner very nearly natural. It may be because the couple is Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, as natural and charming a combination as the screen has to offer. It leads them

through various vicissitudes without robbing them of at least one full-sized sense of humor. And if a little child is finally made to lead them, it is a little child no one will object to—a bad, spoiled, smarty youngster, and faithfully represented as such. Played by Jackie Ott, the pride and joy of the household bosses his mother, talks back to his father, and otherwise behaves in a manner dangerously realistic. Don't take the kiddies to see Jackie. They might learn a few new tricks.

The titles by Walter de Leon, a humorist—yes, really—who also dashes off sketches for the revues—are the best I have read in a long time. Mr. de Leon actually pokes fun at a time-honored movie tradition. He dares to travesty Title Number One in the book: "Came Dawn" to which he impishly adds, "Right on time as usual." That alone makes "Born Rich" worth seeing.

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY

UNLESS you have reached the stage in which you scorn the good old stock-company melodrama, and never take a peek into Frank Merriwell any more, don't fail to see "Barriers Burned Away, or the Great Chicago Fire." You will have a grand time.

SOME New Films

By Martin B. Dickstein



Q " 'The Last Man on Earth' has everything you could see at the Winter Garden."



SOFT job that fellow Earle Foxe had playing in the last pair of pants outside of a freak museum. It was the year 1950, you know, and Earle is seen as the last man on earth after a terrible epidemic of *masculitis* had wiped away all the rest of the flask toters like potato bugs under a spray of Paris green. William Fox has hit upon a splendid idea in *The Last Man on Earth*, one that will draw curiosity seekers to his theatres wherever it is shown. But if he only hadn't spread the girly-girly stuff on so thick! Certainly, his idea of what the well dressed girl will wear in the year 1950 is as good as ours or anybody's else, but really the man who designed the costumes should have used some discretion. Even the tireddest business man twenty-five years hence shouldn't relish seeing in his own office what he demands to see after business hours. *The Last Man on Earth* has everything in it that you could see from down front and center at the Winter Garden—everything but the pink lighted runway and the curtain of living, breathing beauties. The suggestive humor is there aplenty in the subtitles.

Yet, of course, there are those who like that sort of thing in the films and hesitate not to brand it art of the very first water. Let him who has never furtively sidled into a matinee or a burlesque show cast the first brick.

In Whitman Bennett's most recent screening, *The Lost Chord*, the idea is furnished, of course, by the famous old song.

The Lost Chord, on the screen, captures much of the sentiment, charm and mellowness of the original musical composition. In it Mr. Bennett gives us glimpses into just what a motion picture can be without the usual sexual maelstrom and problem patter which, more than anything else, have kept the movies in rompers all these years.

The story concerns one Arnold Grahme, a celebrated organist who woos his beloved Madeline by the medium of his own music. But Madeline dies and all love's labor is lost. Years later the musician falls in love with his old sweetheart's daughter but again his ardor is thwarted when he learns that his own nephew is betrothed to the girl whom the organist had hoped some day to marry. What better, then, that Arnold should seat him one day at the organ, feeling weary and ill at ease—and that his fingers should wander idly over the noisy keys?



Photograph by Edward Tayer Munn.

Helen Lee Worthing

*Has come back to the
screen in "The Swan"*



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

Q Natalie Joyce was born at Norfolk, Va., and spent a great deal of her early youth in Pittsburgh. Al Christie discovered her, and she was engaged as leading lady for Neal Burns.

WAMPAS BABIES Of Other Years

Lois Wilson
Jacqueline Logan
Claire Windsor
Lila Lee
Bessie Love
Colleen Moore
Patsy Ruth Miller
Eleanor Boardman
Virginia Brown Fair
Pauline Garon
Laura La Plante
Jobyna Ralston
Kathleen Key
Dorothy Devore
Pauline Starke

Q Evelyn Pierce was born in Del Rio, Texas, nineteen years ago. She went to school in El Paso and began her professional career as a vaudeville dancer. This brought her to Los Angeles.



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

Q Every year the men of the WAMPAS select the thirteen most promising girls and draw the attention of the movie world to their good work by calling them WAMPAS BABY STARS.

Q Many of the girls picked in other years have now come to stardom. To be a WAMPAS BABY STAR is the highest honor a girl playing small parts can win.

First the Girl, then the Chance, next the Work, and then a world ringing

WAMPAS

1925

BABY STARS

FOLLOWING is a description of the 1925 Wampas Baby Stars, who were introduced at the Ambassador Hotel's new Auditorium on February fifth.

Betty Arlen: A chestnut-haired, demure little miss of sixteen years, who was born in Providence, Ky. She began her professional career as a dancer.

Violet Avon is a sister of Laura LaPlante, a Wampas Baby Star of 1923. Violet changed her name on the screen to avoid conflict with her sister's career. She was born in St. Louis, Mo. She was leading lady for Ben Wilson in "His Majesty, The Outlaw."

Olive Borden, sixteen years old, was born in Richmond, Va., and was reared there and in Norfolk. She has long black hair and her eyes are dark brown. She attended a convent in Baltimore and came to Los Angeles with her mother a little more than a year ago. She has played leading roles at several comedy studios and for the past year has been a featured player at the Hal Roach Studios.

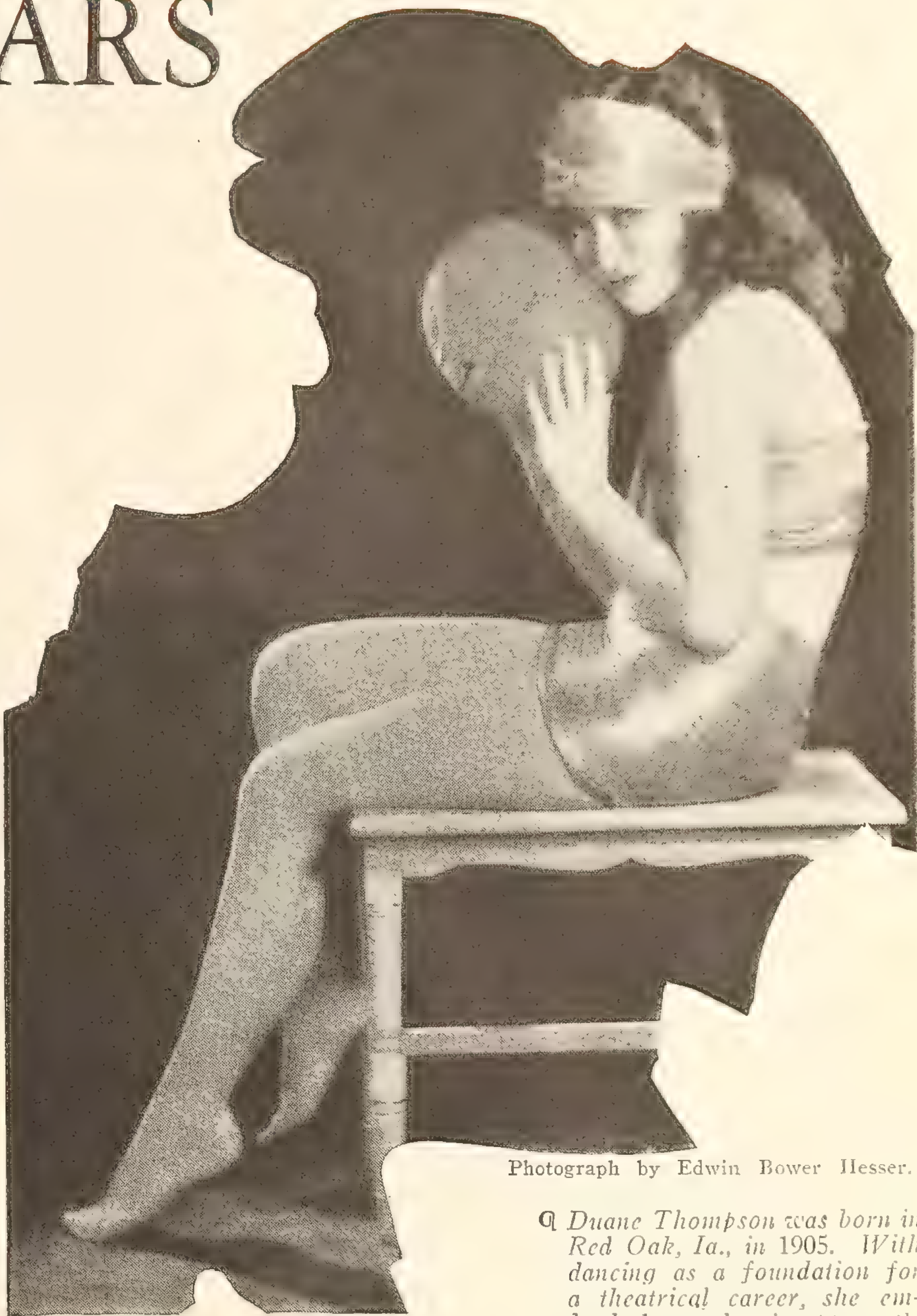
Mary Brian, sixteen, with brown eyes and brown hair, was born in Corsicana, Texas. Shortly after her arrival in Los Angeles she won a newspaper beauty contest. This brought her to the attention of film producers, and she was chosen for the important role of Wendy in "Peter Pan." She is now under a long-term contract with Paramount.

Virginia Lee Corbin is not unknown to film fans; she was celebrated as a child star for several years. But Miss Corbin is a young lady of sixteen summers now and is coming to the fore as a leading woman of great promise. She has appeared in "Wine of Youth," "The City That Never Sleeps," "Broken Laws" and other feature pictures.

Anne Cornwall, with dark brown eyes and hair, was born in Fort Hamilton, N. Y. She was educated at Catskill, N. Y., lived a short time in New York, and has been in motion pictures in Los Angeles for several years.

Madeline Hurlock was born in Federalsburg, Maryland, but when she got old enough to get a hankering for the theater, she joined a troupe in Philadelphia, and it was not long before her beauty led to the famous "vamp" roles opposite Ben Turpin for Mack Sennett.

Joan Meredith was born in Hot Springs, Ark. She is a little over five feet tall and weighs 110 pounds. Joan was given her screen name by the Wampas, her real name being Catherine Jelks. A beauty contest conducted by a Los Angeles newspaper was won by Miss Meredith and led to her debut in pictures.



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

Q Duane Thompson was born in Red Oak, Ia., in 1905. With dancing as a foundation for a theatrical career, she embarked on what is apparently leading her to fame and fortune—the cinematic journey.

Dorothy Revier was born April 18, 1904, in San Francisco. She commenced a dancing career at the age of five, which eventually led to her motion picture work.

Lola Todd became a mem-

ber of the Todd family nineteen years ago at Spuyten Duyvel, N. Y. Her hair is of nut brown hue and her eyes are of a slightly darker shade. Her entry into pictures was made through Carl Laemmle, who discovered her.

with praise and the happiness of being acclaimed "a good little troupier."



Q She had sixteen loving cups and five balloons awarded to her for being New York's most popular mannequin. Now serving an apprenticeship at the Mack Sennett Studio.

Photographed by Cannons.

Grace Lovejoy



*F r o m Hollywood
comes this photograph
w h o s e ingratiating
charm will appeal to
artists and ukelele play-
ers alike.*

Photograph by W. F. Seely.



Charlotte Stevens

In



Ruth Hanson, the Shubert's charming protege, combines a butterfly daintiness with flower-like beauty.

GAIETY THEATRE—The movies are always looking for plays showing the triumph of Youth. There's one for them under the name of *The Youngest*, which Philip Barry wrote for Henry Hull and Genevieve Tobin to star in. Richard Winslow, the youngest of six brothers and sisters, is the butt of all the family jokes, the jibes, the taunts that fall sometimes to a youngest son when he is at the awkward age, particularly if, as in the case of Richard, he thinks himself an author. (If Glenn Hunter does not get this part then there is no justice in screenland.)

Reel One—Starts out with the invitation of Nancy Blake (enter Patsy Ruth Miller) a popular and wealthy society girl, to spend a few days at the Winslow home. Richard's sister Martha has invited her with the express understanding that she is to make a fuss over Richard. Now Nancy enjoys "making people over" and she decides to vamp Richard till he thinks he is the most important member of the family.

Reel Two—Under Nancy's inspiration Richard begins to show a little spunk. Through his brother-in-law, who is a lawyer he learns that under his dead father's will he is legally the owner of the family homestead, the family pin factory, and all the family wealth.

Reel Three—Oliver is Richard's oldest brother and most pompous persecuter. (Who in the movies could play this part?) It is his yearly custom to make a

Dramaland

By Myron Zobel

How the current plays look to The-Man-Who-Knows-the-Movies, and what possibilities they suggest to him.



James Gleason, co-author of the play, and Robert Armstrong, the playwright, in "Is Zat So?" In the background, Tom Brown, Marie Chambers and John C. King.

Photograph by De Mirjian.

speech on the fourth of July to the villagers. But when he infuriates Richard by cutting off his allowance of eighty dollars a month and then locks up his manuscripts, the worm turns and Richard grabs the speech his brother has written out and tears it up before his eyes.

Reel Four—Poor dumb Oliver gets up before the assembled natives and is unable to utter a word. He is lost without his written speech. Then Richard, meek little Richard, grabs the platform and saves the day with an address that is a beautiful mixture of everything he has ever read, seen or heard.

Reel Five—Richard now tells his family that the house they live in is his, the factory is his, everything is his. And he intends to command the love, respect and attention that has been denied him for years past. His revenge is sweet. Oliver, who has sneered at his writing, is made to write a poem a day and submit it to Richard before his monthly check is paid. Richard at last is Boss of the Ranch, Cock of the Roost and Captain of the Ship.

Reel Six—Nancy prevails on Richard to "divvy up" with his family. He takes her advice. Then he takes her. And then he takes the count.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE—Thomas Meighan, you are cast for a handsome explorer, an idol of the ladies. Your part is that of Tony Blunt in *Quarantine*, a comedy by F. Tennyson Jesse.

Reel One—On board the S.S. Angostura bound for Esmeralda is Tony



Photograph by H. A. Atwell.

Q Al Jolson in "Big Boy" at the Winter Garden.



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander.

Marjorie Peterson brings the charm of innocence to "Annie Dear"

and a lady with whom he has eloped, the wife of another man. (Don't be shocked. All will be well. Aye, even unto the last censor.) For four days now the lady has denied herself to Tony's eyes, pleading sea-sickness. At last the curiosity of the passengers and the impatience of Tony can be denied no longer and the lady emerges from her stateroom with her face completely covered by a veil.

Reel Two—What is Tony's surprise when he discovers not the fair Pamela (with whom he intended to elope) but one Dinah Partlett, a little friend of the lady in question; and a clergyman's daughter to boot. (For this part I strongly recommend Bessie Love. There is a considerable amount of cleverness and quite some cuteness needed for it. Bessie has both.)

Reel Three—Of course Dinah has been in love with Tony for years. Who hasn't? But she pleads the martyr and says she came to prevent Pamela's coming. For Pamela is married and Dinah is not.

Reel Four—Tony at first is furious and decides to teach Dinah a lesson. It seems that the ship is put under quarantine for a week and when they arrive on Pigeon Island to

wait out the time Tony says they are a honeymoon couple and they are given the Honeymoon Bungalow with a single bedroom which must be shared. (Still must the censor's shears squirm on in vain.)

Reel Five—Night comes and Dinah retires alone. But Tony crawls through the window. Dinah screams and Tony reads her a moral lecture. He leaves the room, saying he will return when he has prepared for bed. The lights are out. The door opens. Dinah has secretly combed out her hair and made herself as attractive as possible. Some one crawls into the other bed. It is not Tony, but Dinah's nurse instead. He has sent her to take his place. "Good night," says the nurse. "G-o-o-d night!!!" said Dinah's peevish voice. That voice spoke volumes.

Reel Six—Pamela and her husband arrive from England. Pamela to see Tony, her husband to look out for Dinah. Of course there is a scene. But Pamela keeps her mouth shut because she is afraid of being scorned. Her husband learns nothing. But Tony learns that Dinah has been carrying a picture next to her heart. And that picture is of him. Embrace. Curtain.

How to Succeed in the MOVIES—Simply be named “BETTY”



Q Betty Compson,—the adored and imitated, the shapely and provocative. She is shown here exercising, and as in everything else whatever she does she does thoroughly and well.



Q Betty Bronson is the newcomer who in *Peter Pan* tries to carry the name to yet greater heights of accomplishment.



Q Betty Blythe. Her beauty of form is famous, and her lovely face is appealing and expressive.

Here is what a film set really looks like

Taken during the filming of "The Bridge of Sighs" which Phil Rosen directed for Warner Brothers. Rosen is in the right background standing over Richard Tucker and Dorothy Mackaill. Note the set musicians at the left center, electricians perched above the set.



Gossip from SCREENLAND

By H. B. K. Willis

A MATRIMONIAL epidemic is on in Hollywood. Nearly every star you meet is either rushing into or out of wedlock, but of late the "ayes" have had it. Poor Dan Cupid is down at the heel and his tongue is hanging out a foot from fatigue. He's twanged a busy bow. Lookut the scalps on his quiver! The sophisticated and irrepressible Charlie Chaplin

started all the trouble with his runaway match in Mexico, where he took Lita Grey, just sixteen (although she says she's nineteen) unto himself as wife. Thereby putting a happy ending on the fairy tale that is Lita's life. It's not every girl who marries her Prince Charming.

Lita is very happy up in the big forty-room Chaplin mansion in Beverly Hills, right close by to Pickfair, the

home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, though the board of education forces her to keep on with her high school studies under the supervision of a tutor.

A glance at Lita's last report card supports her teacher's claim that she is a good little student. For instance, she rated 100 on deportment; 98 on dramatics; spelling, 94 (darn few actresses can spell); reading, 98; writing, 95, and business English, 95.

Lita hasn't had much of a honeymoon as yet, since her celebrated husband has been so busy making "The Gold Rush," that Alaskan comedy of his.

Lita started out as Charlie's leading lady, but since the wedding the comedy king has announced that another charmer is to succeed her as queen of his troupe.

Phyllis Haver has sailed for Paris to appear in a picture in France.

Jack Holt suffered two fractured ribs while working on location in Zane Grey's "The Thundering Herd" near Mammoth, Cal., in the high Sierras. Though in intense pain Holt continued working and managed to conceal his injury for two days.

The romance between Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey, baron of biff, has been fought to a decision. Jack has become her business manager, however, and they are seen everywhere together. They discuss their hymeneal plans with no one, but Estelle can argue with Jack.

Jack Pickford has been signed for the juvenile lead in "The Goose Woman."

Ruth Clifford is now in Honolulu with a trousseau of twenty-two frocks and appurtenances and her retired banker husband, James A. Cornelius, Beverly Hills realty dealer, for a Hawaiian honeymoon. She will keep on with her screen work after she returns this month.



Estelle Taylor soon to be Mrs. Jack Dempsey.

Avast there, ye cooing doves! Let's get down to sterner stuff.

Down Green street hill, "belly-flop" fashion, Jackie hurtled. His daddy used to disport on the same grade not so very many years ago.

Jackie stopped in Syracuse, N. Y., on his way home from Europe to visit his paternal grandparents, and it was snowing. The snow, however, was light, and that night before the famous lad went to sleep he prayed for snow.

"Pack in snow, O Lord!" he pleaded, "the kind you can make snowballs with and slide on."

The next morning he found his prayer had been answered.

The neighborhood gang was awed when Jackie emerged from his granddad's house. The idol of the screen playing with them! It seemed like a fairy tale!

"Hey kids! Come on and I'll race you down the hill," Jackie yelled, and the spell was broken. Then a jumble of boyish bodies, tumbling, rolling and throwing snowballs with might and main.

Jackie got bumped on the nose with a fast one—

"It's the first time I ever got hit with a snowball. It's the first time . . ."

So, you see, the triumphs in Europe, the receptions from royalty and nobility have left no mark on Jackie Coogan. When the camera grinds he is Jackie Coogan, the juvenile genius, but when snow flies, he's Jackie Coogan, the kid.

Here's what Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, wired to his chief, Adolph Zukor, about little Betty Bronson:

"And as for Betty Bronson's 'Peter Pan.' I saw Maude Adams create this character. It was the inspired performance of a great artist creating a new and different role—a performance so great that it will never be forgotten as long as the history of the legitimate stage is remembered—but Betty Bronson does not give a performance. She *is* Peter Pan. This inspired child lives the role until you forget she is an actress playing a part. Her performance is almost uncanny inasmuch as it is impossible to believe that here is a new personality making her debut as an actress. Twenty years' experience could not have added to the witchery, charm and pathos which she injects into the role of the little boy who did not want to grow up. I have said many times that we will never live to see another Mary Pickford. I think when you have seen Betty Bronson's performance you will agree with me that I can take this back."



Viola Dana trying to think of a word of four letters—C U something E—meaning Viola Dana.



Three of Filmdom's Greatest—Left to right, Lillian Gish, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, Mary Pickford and Dorothy Gish.

Imagine the joy that was Betty's when she heard of the tribute Mr. Lasky paid her! To be likened to Mary Pickford, idol of the world, and declared to be her equal!

Though it seemed as if her heart would burst with happiness, Betty merely smiled the sweetest smile in the world and said:

"I'm glad!"

All of which makes me think a lot of Jesse Lasky. I could have told him that last December.

Pat O'Malley has opened a theater. His little daughter, Eileen, gets the profits—and they are pins! But Pat does all the work.

It happened this way:

The "show" craze hit the O'Malley neighborhood. Nearly every backyard boasted a tent. Three pins was the universal admission fee to the performances, as it has been with children the country over for many years.

One day little Eileen tearfully told her daddy all about it—of the boxes of pins the other children had amassed and how her mother

wouldn't let her use the garage for a "show."

Eileen has several thousand dollars in the bank from her picture earnings and real estate speculation, but she wanted pins.

Hence Pat gave two performances a day for three days in the garage at ten pins admission. He did the wire-walking stunt of his circus days. Eileen danced, as did



David and Ernest Torrence are more than just brothers. They are inseparable companions on the links.

Frankie Darro, the latest "kid" find. He proves here that working in pictures is a pipe.

Sheila. Mary, the recent baby, crowed.

Soon there wasn't a pin in the neighborhood.

Raymond McKee has grown up. He's wearing a mustache.

Feminine fans would be surprised to glimpse their

Virginie Lee Corbin and Al Wilson and a three letter word beginning with "giddap."

Muriel Frances Dana, child star, is quite a swimmer as well as a corking little trouper.



Bess Meredyth, scenarist, who has just finished writing the script for "Ben Hur," wrote syndicate stories for a Buffalo newspaper when she was a lass of sixteen?

Alec B. Francis was crossing Hollywood boulevard, after purchasing an armful of paints, powders and grease-sticks for use in making up, when he dropped the parcel. The wheels of a five-ton truck ran over it. The package was a total loss and the reds and blues were smeared all over the pavement.

An old lady passed Alec as he stood viewing the wreckage. She looked pathetically at him and said:

"Oh! The poor little dog!"

Aimee Morton, a Chicago girl with a medal for composition at a musical school, has written an ode to Carmel Myers and set it to music. If the music is any-

thing like the words, it's a humdinger. List:

Pellucid pools in woodland dense,

Sparkling mid primal quiescence—

Darksome and deep, of mystic sheen,

Are the eyes of my Screenland queen.

Ain't we all? I'll bet Carmel's glad she's in Germany, where love takes the form of pretzels, and beer has a liquid note a love tilt never had!

Bert Lytell is being checked up for his "bad checks." They are not on any bank. They are on Bert. His fancy waistcoats vie with the spectrum. They are checked vests of tan and cream, black and gray, orange and blue, green and yellow, cerise and old gold. His collection

favorite stars on the set, for many of the filmy famous utilize color-psychology to help them emote. Claire Adams, protege of William De Mille, uses black or grey to engender pathos; yellow, pink or green for party scenes; dark red for anger, carnelian for love, and lavender for pensive moments.

Such a play of color is not evident on the screen, for red photographs black; light yellow, white; and dark yellow becomes a grey.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Alec B. Francis shocked wheat in the grain fields of the Canadian Northwest after spending four years with the British army in India?

Robert Frazer, whom Pola Negri proclaims the greatest screen lover, used to run errands for a general store in a little New Hampshire town?

Milton Sills was a university professor?

Freeman Wood, now quite a villain, was a New York architect?

Antonio Moreno used to read gas-meters during summer vacations from a Massachusetts school?

Reed Howes coached the Harvard freshmen for two years?



John M. Stahl directing Florence Vidor in a scene for "Husbands and Lovers." Tony Gaudio is at the camera. It must be disconcerting when one goes to the bathroom Saturday, to have so much company.



Harold Bell Wrights "The Recreation of Brian Kent" being filmed.

of fancy vests is said to be even more bizarre than even that of the Prince of Wales.

Oh, well! Bert's a director now, and engaged to Claire Windsor, so he can let the rest of the world go by.

Ruth Clifford recently had the part of a young girl and an old lady in the same film. An elderly lady accosted her on the set and demanded to know why all the young actresses are playing old women parts.

"The old actresses won't play 'em," said Ruth, "and somebody has to."

Which goes to prove there must be an end to the invidious face-lifting now going on in Hollywood.

Nick Grinde, assistant to Alf Goulding, the director who made Rupert Hughes' "Excuse Me," should have been a cameraman, if there is anything in a name.

Ramon Novarro is the champion cinema



Judy King, "pint size comedienne," was the flapper in "Girl Shy," the Harold Lloyd hit. The perfect flapper type, and going great guns. Keep your eye on her.

cosmopolite. He's a Mexican by birth, of Spanish and Aztec blood. He was a German in "Zenda," a Frenchman in "Trifling Women," a Polynesian in "Where the Pavement Ends," a Frenchman in "Scaramouche," a Spaniard in "Thy Name Is Woman," an Apache in "The Red Lily," an Arab in "The Arab," and now he is little "Benneh" of the House of Hur in "Ben Hur."

Novarro has traveled more than one hundred thousand miles in three years. And on top of all of this he reads and speaks Spanish, French, English and Italian, plus a dash of Arabic.

After his work in "Ben Hur" Novarro will head his own production unit for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"Hollywood is so full of a number of stars, I'm sure we might all be as lit-up as Mars."

But another little star won't do us any harm.

Therefore Judy King, erstwhile the Pint Size Comedienne, is introduced!

Harold Lloyd is credited with discovering Judy, but she avers she discovered herself. And it was quite a discovery, though she is but four feet, eleven.

She was playing the "two-a-day" when she decided to become a film personage. So when Harold Lloyd was looking for the perfect flapper for "Girl Shy," Judy jumped in.

She got the job.



The "Maxine" Bob cut by Alma Rubens in preparation for her role in "The Dancers." They wanted her to look "different"—and she does!!

Lately the "pint," as she has no objection to being called, has played a bit with Ben Turpin and was one of the "Seven Chances," the Buster Keaton film.

She flaps beautifully.

Fred Jackman is making real horse operas for Hal Roach, starring Rex, the wild horse, and he's finding it a job. He had to journey back to Los Angeles from a Nevada desert location for a new equine member of the supporting cast when Rex disapproved of one he took up there. Jackman has spent weeks trying to make actors out of a herd of real wild horses whose habitat is the desolate region where Nevada, Utah and Arizona meet.

The sudden death of Thomas H. Ince is said to have nipped his merger with William Randolph Hearst's cinema enterprises, which would have been one of the biggest mergers of the year.

In "Speed," which Edward Le Saint is making, vampish Betty Blythe plays the part of a mother who is at first a drab sort of person until she goes to Paris. And there she bloomed! Bobbed hair, one-bead evening gown and other modern touches.

J. Warren Kerrigan was cut and bruised in an automobile collision near Dixon, Ill.

Lucille Lee Stewart, sister of Anita, is back in Hollywood in pictures after a six years' absence.

June Mathis and Rudolph Valentino (he's spelling it with a "u" now) have scrapped. She was to do the script for "The Scarlet Power," and her treatment of the adaptation caused the squabble, it is said. Mrs. Rudolph wrote the thing.

June discovered Rudolph.

The report that Henry Ford, industrial giant, intends to invade the movies has filled Hollywood with awe. Ford is said to be considering Hollywood as a production center for "two-bit" movies which he will exhibit in a national circuit of theaters of his own.

"A complete flivver fotoplay in fifteen minutes" will no doubt be the slogan.

Ford, however, will not have the honor of producing the first flivver in



Alice Lake has just completed "The Fast Pace."

he flicker world's output. That was done before a single Lizzie leaped from the lathes in Detroit, years and years ago.

Lots of camerads are traipsing off to Europe. The "Ben Hur" unit began the wholesale globe-trotting and the rest are hurrying after.



Huntly Gordon in "Never the Twain Shall Meet" with Marcel Tsauri, Tahitian temptress, as she instructs him in Polynesian polyglot.



Constance Talmadge in one of those indescribable feminine things the girls wear.

They Say

By MARION of
HOLLYWOOD

TWICE more woman has used her privilege. This time it's Alice Joyce and Leatrice Joy. Two months ago the call of home and babies was too strong for Alice, but she must have received a corking good offer from some company, because she's changed her mind completely and is going back to the first love with bells on and for keeps.

And Leatrice! Gosh, I've heard 'em rave in song and verse of what motherhood does for the rulers of the hearth, but I never really believed it until the other day, when I saw Leatrice for the first time since the arrival of Leatrice, Jr. Beautiful is not the word for her. When she started telling me about the kid, I thought her brown eyes would jump out of her head, and her two dimples got deeper and saucier by the second. Anyway, she's coming back—two months ago she wasn't—but it should be that way, because after seeing her I wouldn't miss her first new picture any more than I'd take a dip in the ocean these cold mornings.



Q The Kid Herself. Allene Ray of "Gallop Hoofs." "I'll be the goat," says her friend Billy

the correct thing is "Count and Countess Balboni"—which is a happy thought not given out as official information.

They Say—

June Mathis, with all of us betting on George Walsh, slipped away to Riverside and became the bride of Sylvano Balboni, cameraman. The young groom was sent to Rome as a cameraman with the "Ben Hur" company and met Miss Mathis, also en route to Rome, on the boat crossing the Atlantic. Cupid took the same boat and the result is that June is now Mrs. Sylvano Balboni. They do say out here in Hollywood as how



Q Frank Lloyd directing a scene in "Judgment," a forthcoming First National Picture.

Another good little girl gone wrong—meaning Pauline Frederick. Perhaps I should say "another good little romance gone." Pauline's latest was pulled up on the rocks starting some time last September. Pauline has kept it from us all this time, too. Charles Rutherford, erstwhile husband, couldn't be called to trial because Pauline doesn't know his place of abode. Now, however, the required three months of publication have elapsed and a trial may be set. When it's a case of husband or art, it becomes necessary to make the great sacrifice and drop friend husband.

Doug Fairbanks jumped onto his magic carpet, rubbed the crystal, flew away to the land of the Nabobs and brought back to Doug, Jr., a nice Christmas present—a little roadster. (Can't mention the make, because the Chrysler people would get too much free publicity.) No so bad for a fifteen-year-old boy—a car, a contract, a girl in everything. Doug's a nice kid, though, and I hope the pretty crystal stays on the job to keep him that way.

They Say—

Madge Bellamy, Alice Calhoun and Bull Montana are forsaking the movies for vaudeville. That's pretty near heartbreaking—at least in the case of Bull versus Hollywood. Bull's got a great line and his heart is even as large as his ears. Anyway, it takes a stout heart to listen to music like \$750 per week; and that's what Bull is supposed to get for his services.

From the press agent part of the Valentino outfit over at the United Studios comes a couple of pleas and an



© Doug Fairbanks, Jr., just stepping out of his Christmas present from "The Thief of Bagdad," meaning his dad, Doug Fairbanks, Senior.

interesting bit of news. First, be sure to understand that Valentino's next production, "Cobra," isn't a snake, never was a snake and never will be one. Next, that Valentino gets up at five in the morning, goes through various and strenuous exercises until 8:30, goes to work and keeps doing it until 7:30 in the evening. Applicants for his position form on the right—he'll change with anybody. Last, but by no means least, comes the good word about Nita Naldi, the "heavy" in the picture. Our friend press agent wants us to know that Nita has been sticking to pineapple and lamb chops—when not sneaking in a chocolate caramel—has lost many, many wearisome pounds, and has thusly produced a figger called "svelte." That is a \$4.50 word and not in my \$3.50 dictionary.



© Reginald Denny and little Barbara Denny waiting for the Hollywood postman to bring the daily supply of "mash" letters.



© In company with the fish — Larry Semon, the comedian, and Dorothy Dwan, screen actress, who were married recently.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is about to discontinue picture producing. He had made arrangements with Thomas H. Ince to make a series of pictures from the Hearst stories at the Ince studios, under Ince supervision, and in several of these stories Marion Davies was to star. The death of Ince automatically cancelled these plays. Now it is heard that Mr. Hearst, being desirous of devoting all his time to his magazine and newspaper interests, will adhere to his intention of giving up all film activities, but will supply stories to be made by the Metro-Goldwyn company in their studios. Miss Davies will be starred in some of these if present negotiations are carried out. If not, it is thought that the Cosmopolitan company will continue to produce the Davies features. At the present time the next Marion Davies production is reported to be "Polly Preferred."

To wear under the fur coat is the frock of cinnamon brown satin charmeuse, its only ornamentation appliqued leaves of a darker brown velvet with veins of gold thread. The hat is brown grosgrain, the ribbon laid on in folds.

Photographs by
Henry Freulich:

Specially posed
for SCREENLAND
by Miss Daw



Evening sees Miss Daw in a dress of henna-rose chiffon velvet, becomingly draped to one side and caught there.



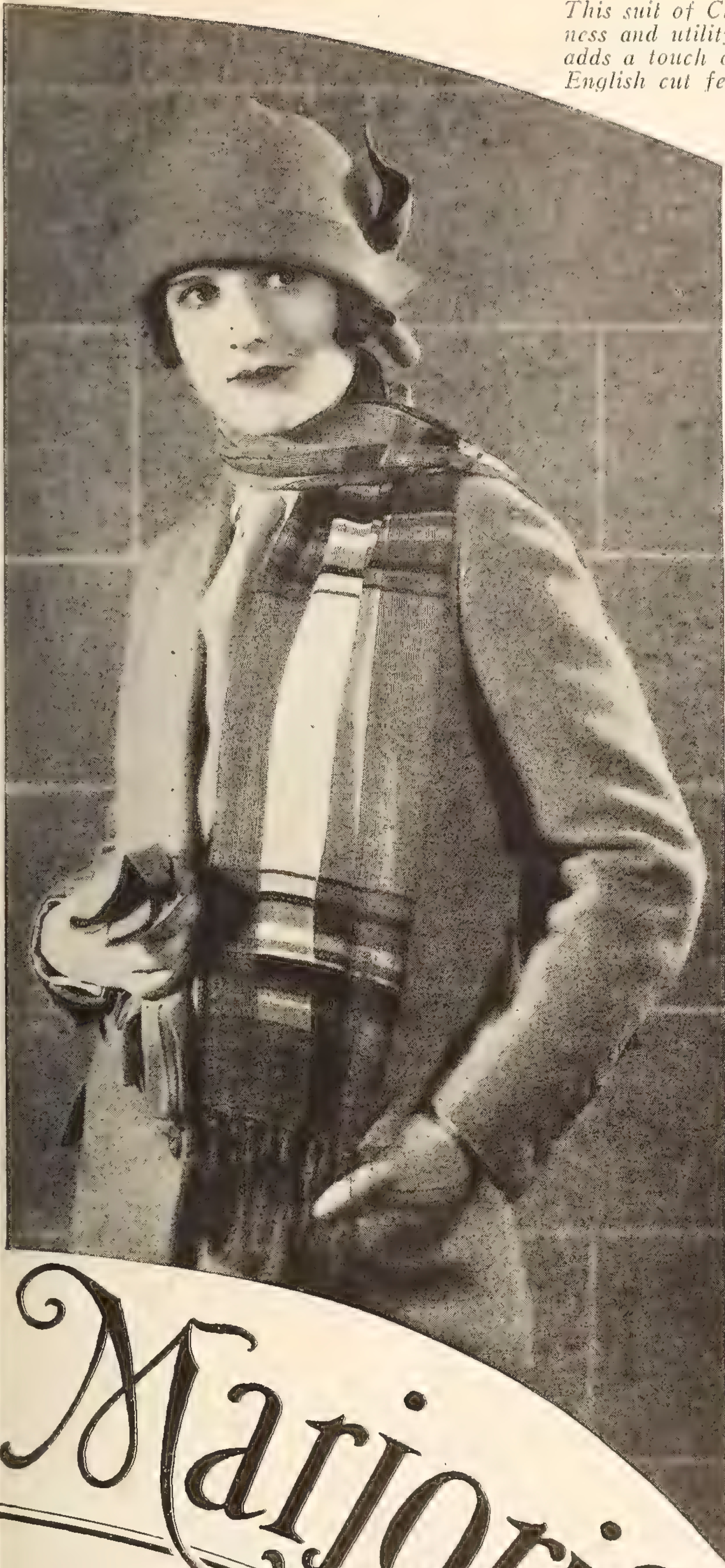
See-Saw.

\$5000.00 to

FIVE thousand dollars to spend on clothes. Yes, real dollars for real clothes to be worn wherever she wished and to be bought without first having to consider screen values—whether this color would photograph successfully or that drape was as swish as the screen required.

Marjorie Daw had the money. But I had the thrill.

This suit of Cheviot tweed tan combines smartness and utility. The heavy-knitted silk scarf adds a touch of gold and red. The hat is of English cut felt, jaunty and becoming.



Marjorie

SPEND

By Vohdah Dexter

And if you don't think it's exciting to stroll down Fifth Avenue in the company of five thousand dollars that have no other object in life than to adorn an exquisite woman, you must be either a millionairess or a mannequin. We entered Madame Gottlieb's; we (Continued on Page 78)

Black crepe, with heavily beaded little Chinese figures running riot over it in golds and greens, has a distinction all its own.

WINNER of SCREENLAND



Mae Murray selects Winning Slogan



Q Mae Murray the provocative.

\$500.00 awarded for a slogan for "Circe, the Enchantress" is won by Atlanta girl

SLOGAN writers competing for the \$500 prize offered by Mae Murray for a slogan to be used to advertise her recent remarkable Metro-Goldwyn production, "Circe, the Enchantress," gave the contest committee a very difficult problem in selecting the fortunate winner.

The judges for this interesting contest, which drew more than five thousand answers from readers of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, were Miss Murray herself and Mr. J. E. D. Meador, Director of Publicity for the Metro-Goldwyn company.

It was a simple four word slogan, suggested by a little Southern girl, that won the five hundred dollars.

"LOVE BREAKS THE SPELL."

Those were the magic words that turned into gold for Miss Frances Riddle of No. 384 Spring Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

Think of it!

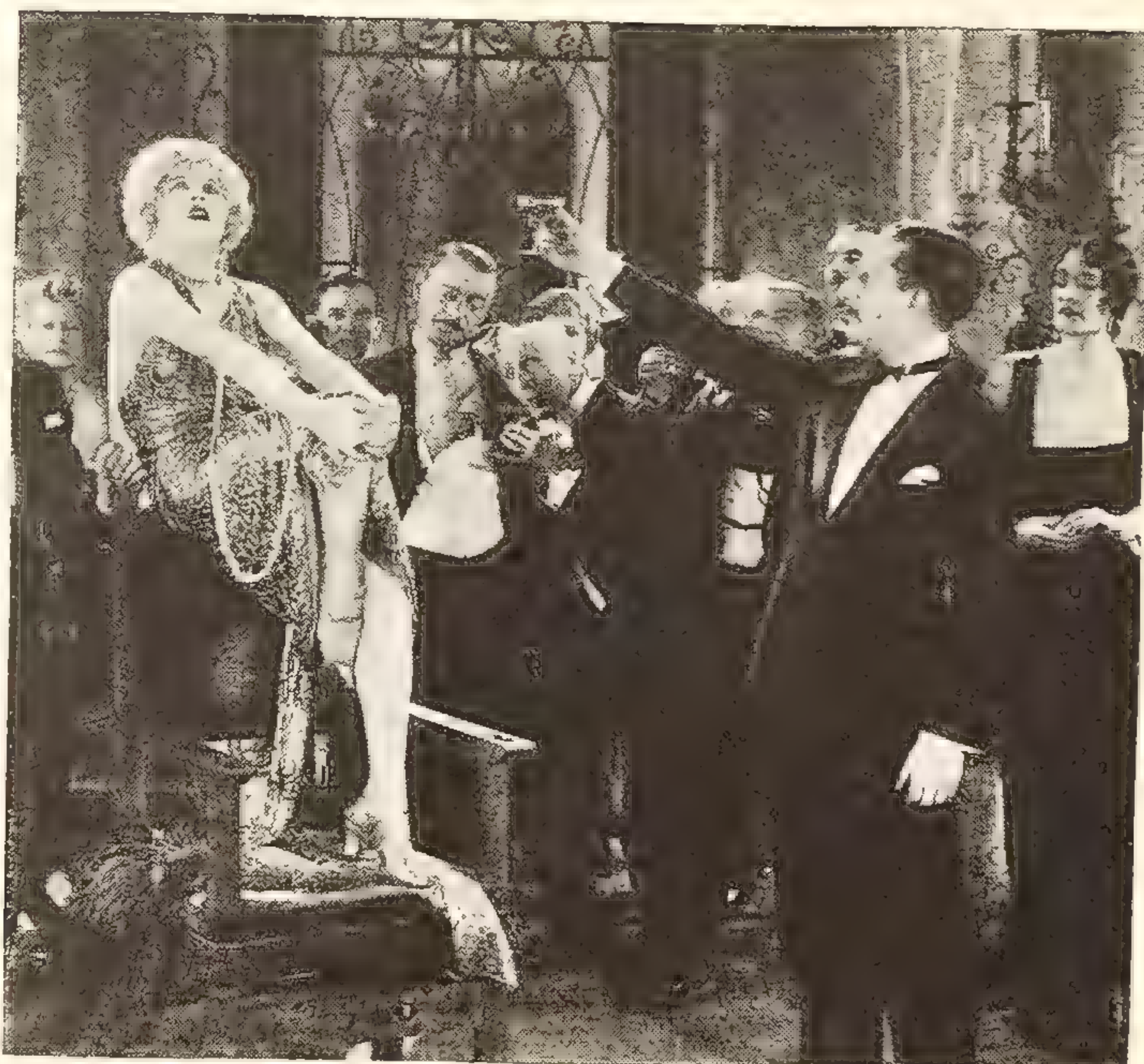
Each word worth \$125!

In making the choice of the winner Miss Murray and Mr. Meador applied this formula test to each of the slogans submitted by ambitious SCREENLAND readers:

First: The slogan must be the truth. Words are only of carrying power



Q A glimpse of the most graceful figure on the screen. Mae Murray as "The Merry Widow."



Q Circe gives a wild party.



Q The despair of unhappy love.

CONTEST RECEIVES PRIZE



Q A characteristic Murray pose. A little arrogance, a great deal of style, gives a "sassy" result.

The Winning Slogan

Submitted by
Miss FRANCES RIDDLE
384 Spring Street
ATLANTA, GA.

LOVE BREAKS
THE SPELL



Q Mae on the golf course where her dancing feet show a perfect stance.

when they speed from the bow of fact.

Second: The slogan must have freshness and unusual quality.

Third: Does the slogan in question seem to be a word picture of this film?

In all these particulars the catchword, "Love Breaks the Spell," was applied to the production "Circe, the Enchantress," and was found most adaptable.



Q Mae Murray has an appealing child-like simplicity, which is captivating.



Q Mae her golf game over, this contest decided and trunks full of new clothes, takes the train back to Hollywood.

Q Miss Frances Riddle, winner of the slogan prize.

See Saw, Marjorie Daw—continued from page 75

owned the place—at least I did, and for the moment believed the money was mine. We looked on floating things, which is the way of Gottlieb's: a gorgeous fantasy of creations that beckoned and whispered in passing and trailed an incense behind them.

"I'd love that," Miss Daw murmured, her eyes upon the most delightful velvet and chinchilla wrap. The price was—no, it can't be mentioned. Five thousand dollars scarcely seemed as important as a few minutes before.

From Miss Daw's purchases we mutually selected these for "SCREENLAND'S" reproduction.

A suit of Cheviot tweed tan with an invisible check of green running through it, combines smartness and utility. The heavy-knitted silk scarf is of the predominating colors of the suit and adds a gold

and red stripe for good measure. The hat is of English cut-felt—jaunty and becoming.

To wear under the fur coat is the frock of cinnamon brown satin charmeuse, giving the tunic effect, its only ornamentation appliqued leaves of a darker brown velvet with veins of gold thread. The collar ends at the hem in two silken tassels.

To wear with this frock Miss Daw has a tight-fitting hat of brown grosgrain, the ribbon laid on in folds and ending in an arrangement of loops at one side.

Black crepe is always correct for restaurant wear, but when it has heavily beaded little Chinese figures running riot over it in golds and green, it has a distinction all its own. Two gold beaded strands relieve an otherwise plain top and the scarf of green satin and gold

lace with ostrich feather ends strikes a new and charming note.

Evening sees Miss Daw in a dress of henna-rose chiffon velvet, becomingly draped to one side and caught there by a thickly embroidered flower in varying shades of henna and rose, with a centre of cut steel beads. Similar flowers ornament the left from waist to hem and bands of rhinestone serve as shoulderstraps. Gold stockings and shoes with buckles of rhinestones are fitting accessories and again a scarf is worn, embroidered to match the dress.

But quite the most elaborate thing in this five thousand dollar wardrobe is the evening wrap of silver brocade luxuriously banded in black fox and lined with rose satin and chiffon. It's worth the hole it made in Marjorie's money.

Out of the Crowd—continued from page 30

until now her name is very well known. But it was Mr. Chance in the form of an assistant director who gave her her start. And who is this young lady? Pretty little Norma Shearer, whom you've seen, I hope, in "He Who Gets Slapped."

So though you have often seen statements to the effect that D. W. Griffith has made a new star or Rex Ingram has found another Valentino, such is not always the case. Many, I might say the majority, have had their start towards the Land of Fame through the little fellow around the studio—the assistant director, the second assistant, the property man and the fellow actor. And while the director finally chooses them and under his direction makes them famous, it is the little fellow so often who gives them the chance and brings them to the attention of the director.

And this applies to each of us.

So no matter how unimportant a person may seem in your eyes, it may be the Mr. Chance for whom you have been looking and you do not recognize him in his disguise.

Mr. Chance even played his part at one time 'neath the guise of the office boy. A beautiful young girl arrived one morning at the old Kalem Studio, where Alice Joyce was beginning her career. Miss Joyce was talking with Arthur Donaldson, the now well-known character actor. He and Miss Joyce were just starting their own way towards the heights which they have reached. Arthur Donaldson will be remembered as George III. in Griffith's "America." But at the time of which I write they were both unknown to the vast picture audi-

ence. The office boy came into the studio to tell the director there was a girl outside looking for work. He stopped by Miss Joyce and Arthur Donaldson and raved about the beautiful girl outside. "Gee whiz, but she's a beauty," said he. They caught something of his enthusiasm and went out to see her—and with them strolled Mr. Chance. They recognized in the girl more than beauty—a wonderful personality—and they talked the director into giving her an opportunity to make good. Which she certainly has. Anna Q. Nilsson.

And does Mr. Chance only stroll around the studio in different makeups? No, indeed. He is often found far from the studio. In the agent's office. The agent who engages people and types for the big crowd scenes. He finds and supplies the director with every possible human being from any walk in life—ordinary crowds, Indians, Arabs, Chinamen, Negroes, ballroom dancers, acrobats, knife throwers, babies, in short, anything at all. And he often assists in the casting of the players in a picture production, or obtaining the services of some specially well-known star for a certain part.

In Charles Walton's office, 245 West Forty-seventh street, New York City, one of the best known picture agencies in the East, sat Mr. Chance one day when a pretty little girl walked in. She had been struggling and struggling to gain a foothold upon the bottom rung of the movie ladder, but without success. And her friend and encourager, Miss Hope, seemed far away.

Mr. Edwin Carewe, the director, was about to produce "Mighty Lak a Rose"

and had asked Walton to try to obtain the services of Lillian Gish for the leading role. But Miss Gish was not available.

Something in the little girl's story and the fact that she was trying so hard appealed to Mr. Walton that day she walked into his office, and he told her he would do his best to find something for her. At any rate, when Mr. Walton saw Edwin Carewe and informed him that Lillian Gish was under contract and not available he added that he knew of a girl who might be suitable for the part. Who was she? An unknown. Well, it's a long cry from Lillian Gish to an unknown, and Mr. Carewe did not feel that he could take the risk of having an unknown girl play the leading role in his forthcoming production. But Mr. Chance, behind Charles Walton, urged him to have faith in the girl and argue in her behalf. Which he did, and finally persuaded Mr. Carewe to try the girl and see for himself. She was given the part, her success was instantaneous, and she has made rapid strides ever since. But no one knew except Mr. Chance (in the guise of the agent) that little Dorothy Mackail had been chosen that morning by him to be one of the favored and started upon the road to fame.

And so it is. We never know upon what road or in what guise we may meet our benefactor, Mr. Chance, but meet him we will in some form or other from the ragged street urchin to the President. And with Miss Hope ever beside us to help us to recognize him when we do meet, and with the firm of Work and Sweat to aid us, we can each and every one of us some day get on the road that leads to the Land of Fame.

Betty Remembers—continued from page 29

blotted out the hovering luck-shadow when Alan Holubar's death lost Betty a part that had been greatly counted on. But California sunshine is noted for casting luck-shadows, and forcing them to grow. Especially when coming events are also casting their shadows before. For filmdom was beginning to grow dark with suspense as to who would get the coveted Peter Pan part.

Hearing the rumors Betty got Barrie's book from the library and pranced up and down the room. "Don't you think I could play Peter Pan?" she asked the grandmother audience. "Of course." came back the answer. "You can do anything you make up your mind to do."

Willing to try anything, Betty volunteered to have some screen tests for the part. Then, expecting nothing, she continued her lonesome way. For no one in choosy Hollywood had chosen to be especially nice to Betty, although there were several there who had known her through her few "bits" in pictures. So it became indeed very lonesome for these two strangers in this strange land.

It seemed nice to have a speaking acquaintance with Carol Warren, who had a room in the same house. She was a scenario writer for Robertson-Cole and was taking her meals at the Hollywood Studio Club directly across the street.

For those who do not know their Hollywood it might be well to explain that this so-called club is an anchorage for girls who are trying to get a start in

pictures, but who are not able to pay excessive living rates. And this roomy old mansion provides a comfortable and inexpensive home. The very fact of living there stamps a girl as having the right sort of ambitions.

Carol Warren was on the waiting list to become a regular at the Studio Club. And every day she would tell Miss Marjorie Williams, director of the club, about the wonderful little girl with the beautiful old-fashioned curls and the refreshing smile.

"I have a hunch that this Betty Bronson is going to make good," was Carol's frequent prediction. (Other discoverers please take note.) "Don't you think it would be nice to have them over to the club for Thanksgiving, they seem so lonesome and they haven't a single place to go?"

Miss Williams agreed, the invitation was extended, and marked the beginning of many evenings the hitherto unfriended Betty spent under the hospitable club roof. In fact Betty herself told me just the other day that the evenings she spent at the Studio Club were the very bright spots of her uncertain waiting time. Until the fateful day last September that she was discovered as exactly fitting Peter Pan's shadow.

Now, of course, things are vastly different. From gateman to director, hats are tipped and right of way given "Miss Bronson." Which has caused many to

predict that success will make her upstage and that she won't care to see her first friends now.

So I determined to find out by arranging a meeting with Betty and some of her former friends. And I wish you could have been there to see for yourself!

It was at the Paramount studio, and Betty walked in with a smile encompassing enough for the universe. Two hands and arms added first aid to a most affectionate greeting, which quickly proved Betty's allegiance to old friends.

"It seems to me," she said quite seriously. "That girls who come here to succeed ought to keep on doing just as their home folks have done. Not try to do things the old-timers here say they should do. Then they would keep their individuality. But most of the girls do things just because they see others do them. And so they get to be very much alike."

Which is a new way of arriving at an old conclusion. Being an answer worthy of consideration from more mature folks than Peter Pan, who was never intended to grow up.

It also reminded me of the time I heard Betty's mother say, "I am certainly thankful that I have an old-fashioned daughter."

Facts which the sharp-eared Goddess of Luck might have heard when she was looking for the right one to fit exactly Peter Pan's shadow for the shadowland of the world.

The Secret of Corinne Griffith's Charm—continued from page 27

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight—
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament,
And under his breath adds, "William Wordsworth, 1770-1850."

Throwing away his cigarette, and rushing back his luxuriant false whiskers, the heavy father comes back at him thus:

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh, that eye was in itself a soul!
Lord Byron, The Bride of Abydos."
And the extra people whisper in chorus,
"A lovely lady, garmented in light

From her own beauty."

Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792-1822"

Well maybe they don't say all those things out loud—but anyhow the Dictionary of Familiar Quotations in the scenario department is worn and thumb marked. What on earth are the inspired words of the poets for, if not to flit through the mind when we are confronted by supreme beauty?

The men certainly *think* those lines when Corinne comes on the lot.

For she commands their admiration, she could have their love and best of all she has their respect. Even in Hollywood parties, nobody slaps her on the back and calls her a "good sport."

Corinne Griffith is no flapper. No, with all the chances she has had to learn the wild ways of Movieland, she remains

gentle, unaggressive, soft-spoken, well bred—in short, a lady.

While, flappers to the right of her, flappers to the left of her, flappers in front of her frolicked and blundered, she kept right on being herself.

And men fall for the charm of Corinne.

Wherever she flickers across the screen, on blase Broadway, in the lumber camps, in war-weary Europe or red-blooded Alaska, men go wild over her personality.

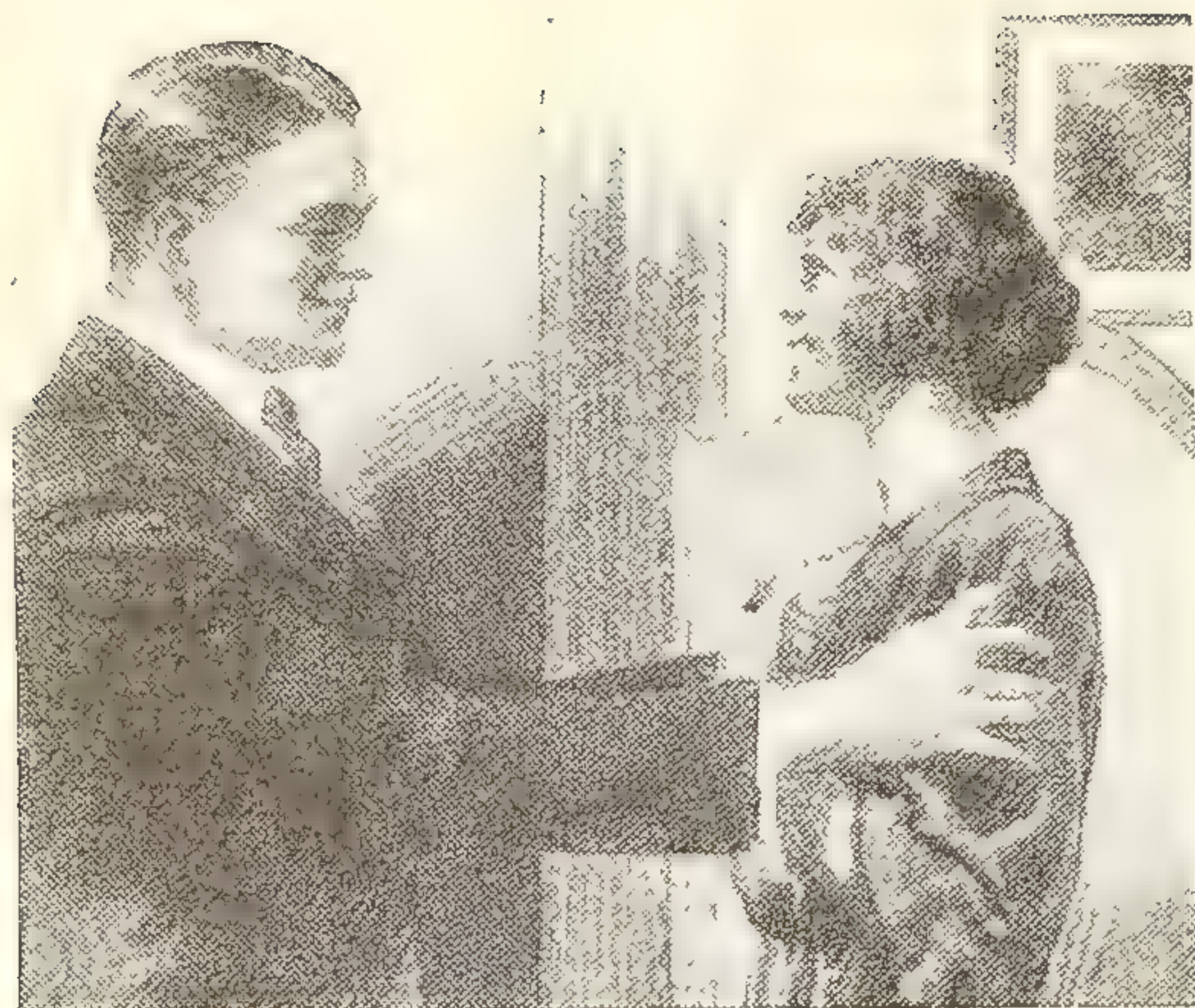
If her casualty list were printed, it would fill the entire magazine for a year.

Why do they all rave about her?

Why *do* they?

She is beautiful. Of course. Even her dearest girl friends admit it.

But then beauty on the screen is not rare. The studios are besieged by persistent thousands of beautiful girls. Some



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"And to think, Mary, I owe it all to you! I might still be drudging along in the same old job at the same old salary if you hadn't urged me to send in that I. C. S. coupon!"

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stay outside. Beauties too. Some get in the films. Some get their photographs in the magazines. Become stars!

And they are, most of them at least, just "one more screen beauty."

But not Corinne. Corinne Griffith is unique.

Without asking for attention she gets it. The spotlight just naturally follows her around. Things are handed to her.

It happened that way when she first went to the coast, unknown to fame or film folk. She had been invited to a party and she danced with all the delight that a young girl expresses in the rhythmic movements of her lovely body. Her cheeks glowed with the thrill of dancing; her eyes shone, and perhaps there was just a little wistful expression in them because such perfect moments could not endure forever.

And, as the dance ended, some people she never saw before, approached with great ceremony and handed her a perfectly ducky silver loving-cup. It was the beauty prize.

She had not known that there was a beauty contest.

She was simply being herself. And so, quite naturally, the prize for beauty went to the little stranger from New Orleans.

The next day she was offered a screen contract.

There was no nagging and vamping of casting directors, no trudging from studio to studio. No heart breaking suspense leaving one's address and waiting for a call.

Success was just handed to her.

Of course that does not mean that she did not work to perfect herself in her art. She is gifted. Her early work with the brush shows that she might have won laurels as a painter. Being a great artist as well as a beautiful girl, she had the impulse to master the technique of the screen. And that means work. Hard work and brains.

But she was lucky enough not to have to waste her strength and fray her nerves to tatters in getting an opportunity.

That was handed to her, like the beauty prize.

But was it luck?

Was it something that no other girl can hope for?

Not at all.

It's not a secret. It's only an age-old feminine quality that our grandmothers knew well.

They belonged to a generation when women were not go-getters.

Neither were they gold diggers.

They were not "pals," not "good mixers," and their figures were not boyish. They were feminine through and through. They saw to that.

Demurely they went to church on Sunday and when they heard the preacher

read from the Good Book, "Male and female created He them," they felt that they had something to think about all week.

They gloried in the fact that men and women were created different.

Their clothes emphasized that interesting fact: wide flounces and costly foolish fluffy things. No sensible sports costume riding breeches or knickers for those wise, wise maidens.

They did not want equality.

What they were after was woman's rights.

Woman's right to be adored. Shielded and handed things.

Not the right of fighting for standing room in the subway and pounding a typewriter all day in the office. They fought for standing room in the subway with a lot of men.

Wise, wise maidens of our grand mother's day!

They had things handed to them.

Men gave them seats.

Men thanked them for accepting.

Men still do that in the "backward" southern states.

Well, Corinne Griffith is a daughter of the old, old south. Her childhood memories are all of dim, stately rooms in a Colonial mansion, with stiff, gate-legged tables, highboys and dusky portraits on the walls. "Remember you are a lady" was the phrase she heard again and again as a child. She never forgot it.

She was educated in a convent, and the graces of an earlier day are still taught within those quiet walls by the gentle black-robed sisters.

She learned to speak in a low unhurried voice. It is like soft music in the staccato age, that honeyed drawl of New Orleans.

She learned the value of the wonderful poise that is her natural heritage, the quiet dignity that marks the gentlewoman. How it impresses one in a country where "step lively" is the slogan!

She learned the expressiveness that is in a woman's lovely hand. The tapering fingers that can cling with love or wave a fan with dangerous languor. One looks at those hands as delicate instruments for recording the subtle moods of the soul, not as capable tools for doing workaday tasks. In this age of efficiency it is a delight to see hands that are pure and decorative.

Such hands are sung by the poet "The white wonder of dear Juliet's hand!" exclaims the world's best known lover, and lets it go at that. He does not add a word about how deftly those hands can flip a flap jack, darn a sock or spank a baby.

They were good to look at and there was plenty for Romeo.

There is another secret of Corinne Griffith's charm. She can look so perfectly helpless in this complicated civil-

Watch Harold Lloyd, the famous Pathe star, in his great picture "Hot Water." How "crazy" he seems! Far from it! In private life and in his preparation for his successes he is one of the best-read young men in America.



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William Desmond
Myrtle Stedman
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In his private library, for one thing, is Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics).

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The secret is this—they have spent their spare time in making themselves interesting people. In their libraries, too, you will find Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

And they are only a few of the screen favorites who have discovered this great secret of personality. Glance through the names at the left—a score of them!

Why not decide today to profit from your reading hours? Why not say: "From now on I will give my mind a fair chance to grow. I will read only the books that will build me into a successful man or woman—the books that have proved their building power in other lives."

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ation that the big muscled male just craves to do things for her.

Corinne is not the first to use this little dodge. It is only in the present generation that girls have begun to forget it.

One of the earliest examples is the sad case of a young man who carried a set of biceps that resemble the ads. of a physical culture mail order school. He carted around a club the size of a hitching post, as this was some centuries before Henry Ford's discovery of the flivver, hence known as The Golden Age. Well, this husky was a foreigner and rather undeveloped from the shoulders up, but they were some shoulders.

Everybody called him Hercules because he was so big and strong. Lions, snakes, dragons and even the fighting ladies known as Amazons took the count from this Greek heavyweight until he thought nothing on God's green footstool could lick him.

Then he went up against a certain demure little lady who sat by her spinning wheel all day. She did this because there is nothing that shows off the charm of a real old-fashioned girl like a spinning wheel.

Her name was Omphale.

Like Corinne this Omphale had soft brown-blond hair and large wistful blue eyes.

When the yarn got tangled, her eyes would fill with big tears that hung on her lashes like dew drops on a moss rose. Omphale would have screened wonderfully, for she was just Corinne's type.

Well, as I was saying, Kid Hercules strolled by one day, jauntily twirling his eighty-four pound club and swinging his lion skin for all the ladies to look at.

At just the right moment, Omphale allowed her yarn to get twisted and the spinning wheel stopped humming and made a noise like engine trouble.

"Oh dear, oh dear! What shall I do?" cried Omphale and two large tears appeared in those wistful eyes.

K. O. Hercules gave the little lady the once over, thought he would take a chance, and edged over in that direction.

"What seems to be the trouble, lady?" he asked in a voice that sounded like fog horns on a November night. "Kin I be of service, Miss?"

"I'm sure I don't know what's happened," she answered shyly. "Something's gone wrong with the carburetor, or maybe it's the ignition.—I just don't know the least little thing about machinery."

"Leave it to me. Machinery's me middle name," replied the stranger. "I'll fix it fer yuh."

In less than no time the Pride of Hellas Kitchen was on his back tinkering with the insides of that spinning wheel,

and twisting up monkey wrenches like so many strands of spaghetti as he tightened the nuts.

"My goodness, how strong you are!" cried Omphale, adding another snarl to the yarn to keep things balled up.

As the heavyweight tossed aside his lion skin, the lady picked it up. Carelessly she draped it over her own lit shoulders, for she had always admired that sort of fur.

When Hercules wiped the Zerolene out of his eye and saw her dainty form enveloped in his trophy, he was down for the count, though the poor lad didn't know it.

"D'yuh like that there lion skin?" he grinned. "It looks swell on yuh."

"Do I? It's adorable."

"Keep it. It's yours."

"Oh but I couldn't think of accepting it. It's too—too wonderful."

"If you don't keep it, I'll go an' jump off the dock," replied the hero.

And so to save his life, the lady continued to wear the lion skin, and Hercules laid aside his wrench to tell her how he had killed the monster with his bare hands.

All through that golden, sunny afternoon, the champion bruiser of the Isle of Greece helped Omphale untangle her yarn, and in return she taught him how to spin.

She told him that she never dreamed that a man with such big strong hands capable of strangling Nubian lions, could be so clever with his fingers.

She told him that he was simply wonderful!

His friends breezed in just as Husk Herc, as they called him, was making that old spinning wheel purr.

"Get onto that!" they shouted. "The dame's certainly got him goin'!" and from then on the boys never stopped kidding him about how he fell for that angel face doll.

In fact the story was so rich that has lasted several thousand years and still going strong.

The reason is that it is happening over again today, right now, in your own home town, and it is the helpless looking little girls with wide, appealing eyes like Corinne Griffith's who are getting away with it.

So girls, if Nature didn't intend you be a flapper, don't worry.

Just be yourself.

Even though boyish bobs are in a hips aren't being worn this year, go right on being a real girl.

The flapper comes with the fashion quarterlies, and sooner or later she will go, but the feminine allure will go on forever.

That is the secret of Corinne Griffith's charm; men dream of Ideal Womanhood when they look into her eyes.

How I Found a Short-Cut to Popularity

When they called me a back number something within me rebelled. My pride, perhaps. Then it dawned upon me! At first I didn't believe that anyone could become popular quickly. And yet — here's what happened.

By a Former Wallflower

I NEVER was much of a dancer. But when our club gave a dance, I couldn't very well stay away. Besides how could I ever learn to dance if I didn't get some experience?

I discovered, though, that no one wanted to dance with me. The boys knew I was a poor dancer and they warned the girls to keep away from me. "Jim?" I heard one of the boys say. "Oh, Jim's all right, but he doesn't know a waltz from a fox-trot." The girls laughed. It made me want to chuck it all and never go to another dance again.

But something within me rebelled. My pride, perhaps. "Show them you can do it!" I whispered. "Show them you can dance as well as they!" But how? I asked myself. I really couldn't dance. I had no confidence in myself. I certainly couldn't go to a dancing school, and I couldn't afford a private teacher. What could I do?

How I Gained Confidence in Myself

Suddenly I had an idea. Yes, I'd do it! I'd astound them! I'd become the best dancer of them all!

That evening I wrote to Arthur Murray, world-famous dancing master. I knew that he charged \$10.00 a lesson in his studio, but I knew also that he had five lessons in dancing that he offered free. I asked him to send these five lessons to me.

When they came, I followed

the simple directions and diagrams, practicing before a mirror. Before I knew it, I had mastered a fascinating fox-trot step! I learned how to follow, how to lead, how to be perfectly at ease and have poise of manner in the ballroom. It was wonderful! In one evening I learned to dance.

And then I astounded everyone! I went to a dance (no one expected me to accept the invitation), and I deliberately asked the best dancer there to be my partner. It was a fox-trot. We began to dance, and others stopped to watch us. They expected me to be the goat again—but they were disappointed.

We danced that fox-trot perfectly together. We did all the latest steps like professionals. I was absolutely at ease, never felt so comfortable and poised before. It was wonderful! *They'll never laugh at my dancing again.*

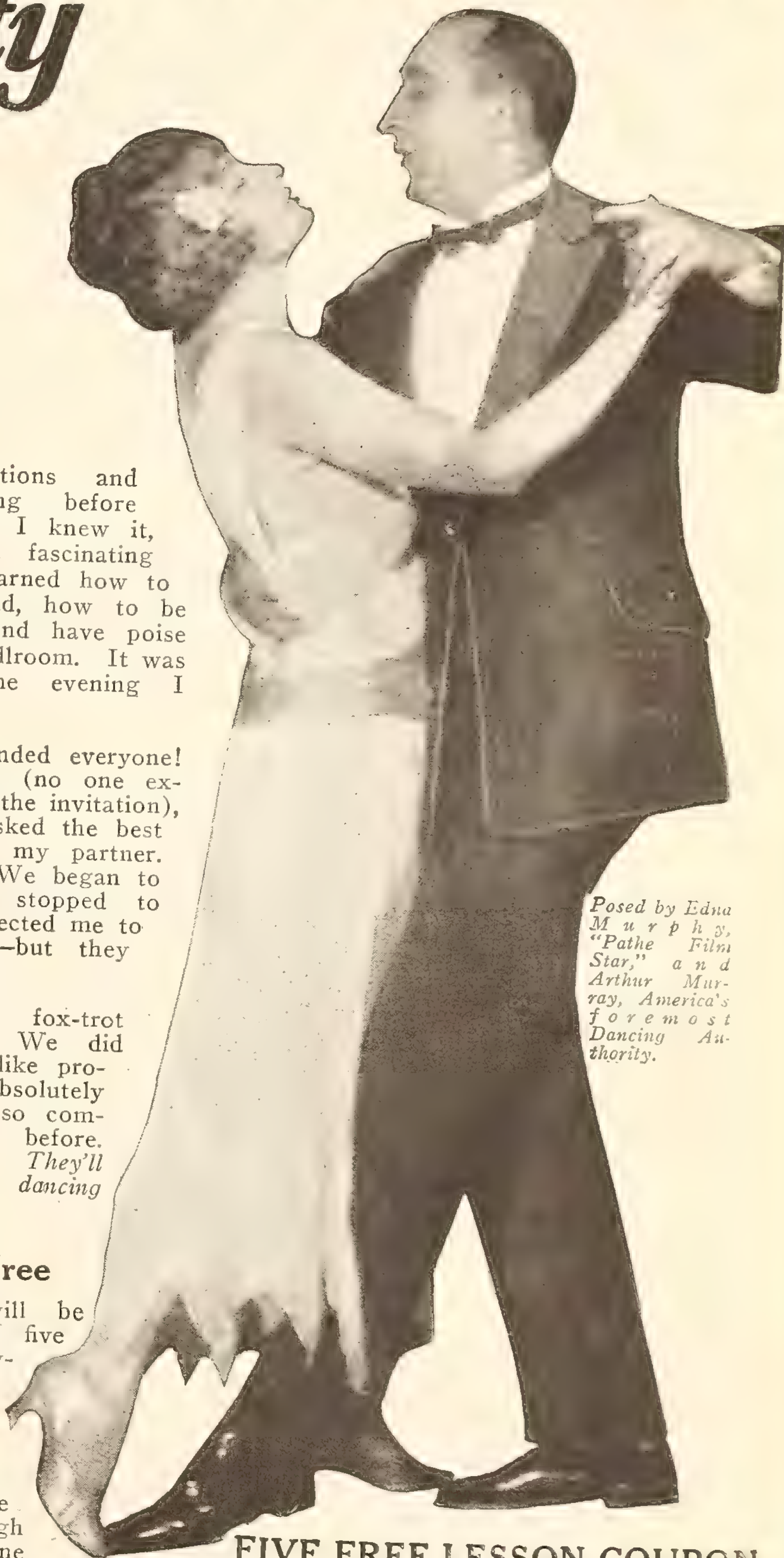
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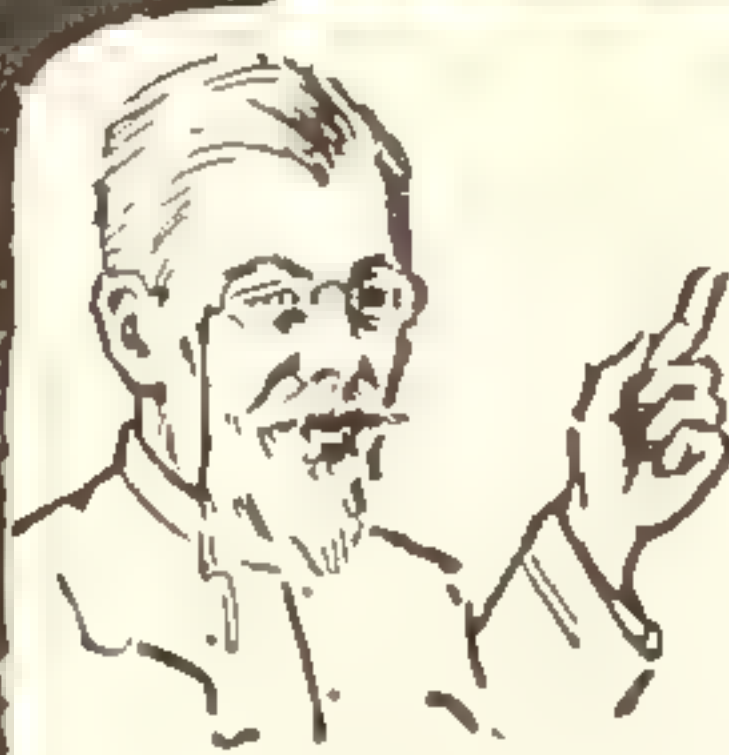
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Success Pays Dividends—continued from page 23

but a great wholesale outpouring—the stores offer their wares and scrubwomen their pittance, little children volunteer sacrifices and childless old people proffer tidbits bought from their savings.

So real was the appeal of William Farnum in his characterization of Pierre, the poor persecuted French-Canadian violinist in "Heartstrings," that a number of worthy French-descent citizens of Saulte Sainte Marie clubbed together and bought him a new instrument after seeing his "Cremona" smashed in the big scene of that dramatic photoplay. Big Bill never knew exactly what to do with that violin—he doesn't play a note!—but he is full of Irish sentiment and has always kept the instrument, for the gift means something real and vital to him—it was a tribute from the hearts of friends.

GIFTS OF GOOD-WILL

There seems to be no question about it, that some of our stars do not earn all the money they are paid.

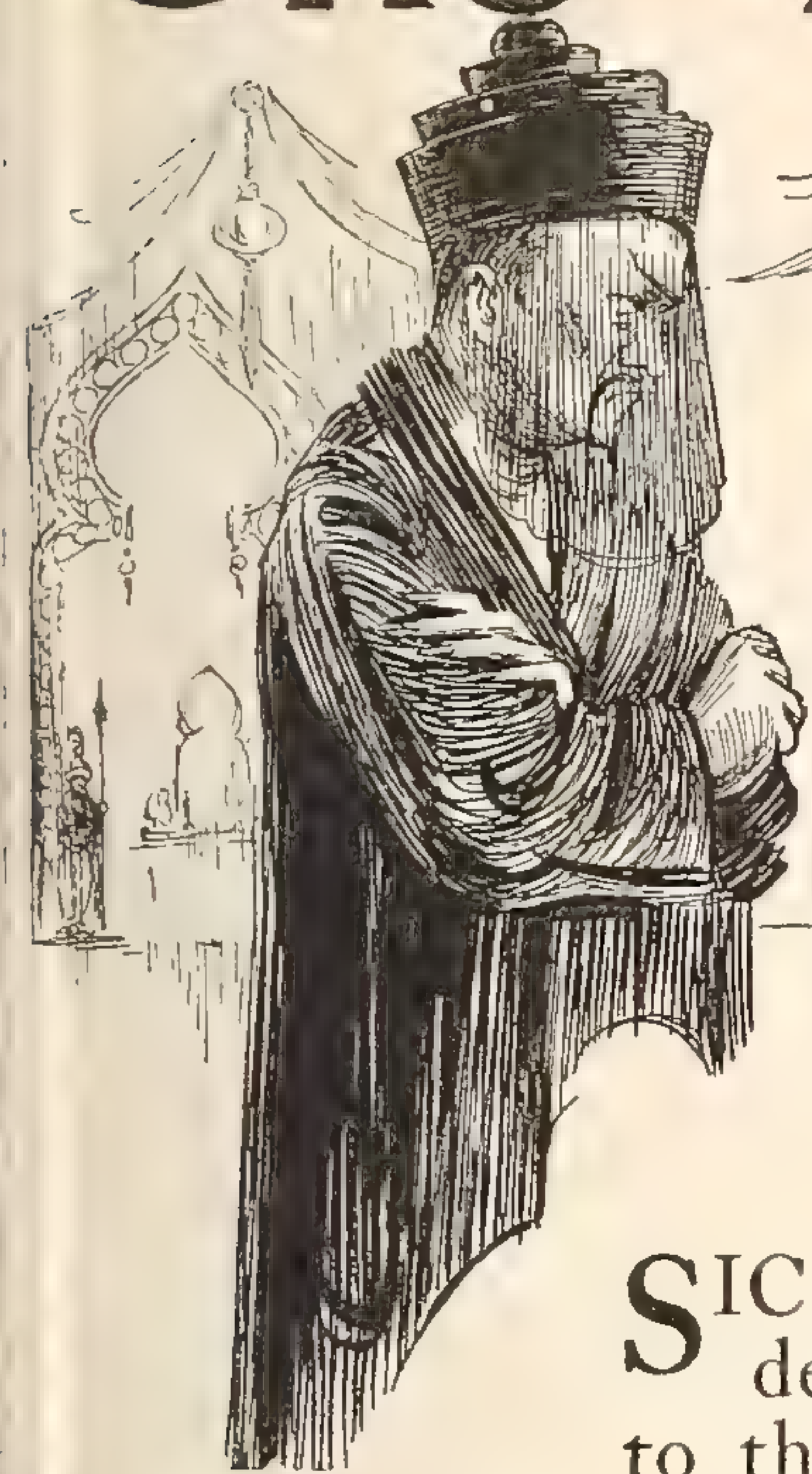
They, poor things, are not always to blame for the size of their salaries. But the "gifts" from the great picture-far public—who have already paid their honest share of the star's salary at the box-office window—are a horse of another color. When you and I and the woman next door and the little old man at the other end of the town give where we don't have to give—that is the real gift—it is the hand of friendship.

The overcharge for mending a shoe, or a roof, or a political reputation is rightly named Graft. But what about this seeming overcharge for mending broken hearts and downcast spirits by the people who make motion pictures? Now honest, can you call that graft? Call it what you like, you can't fool the people about it. They will go right along trying to pay this "graft" wherever they think it is due.

Why, if the Big and Little Fellow of screenland only knew it, they have a huge bank account everywhere store up for their drawing, a deposit of kindness and good-will in practically every little hamlet throughout these United States, and if they would only take the trouble to pass through each town "person," they would feel it come pouring out.

If anybody should ask us what we thought was one of the biggest things the motion picture had done for the world, we would say unhesitatingly that it was its power to arouse this large spirit, or sentiment, of generosity, the desire to give! The screen rouses the

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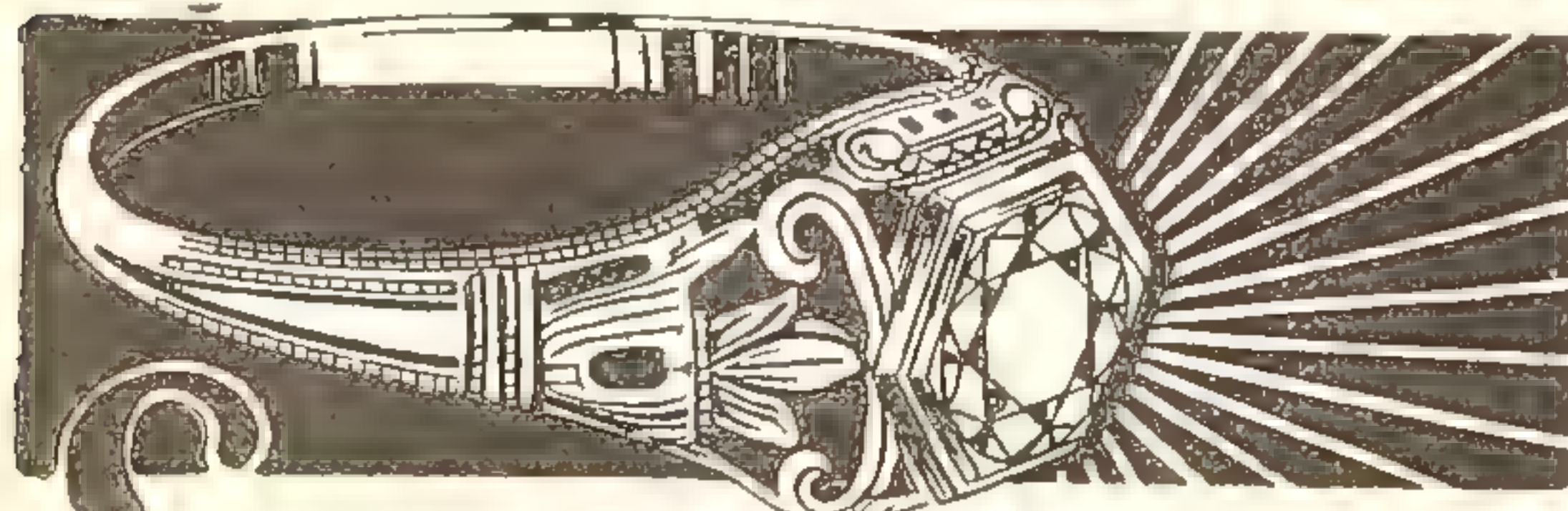
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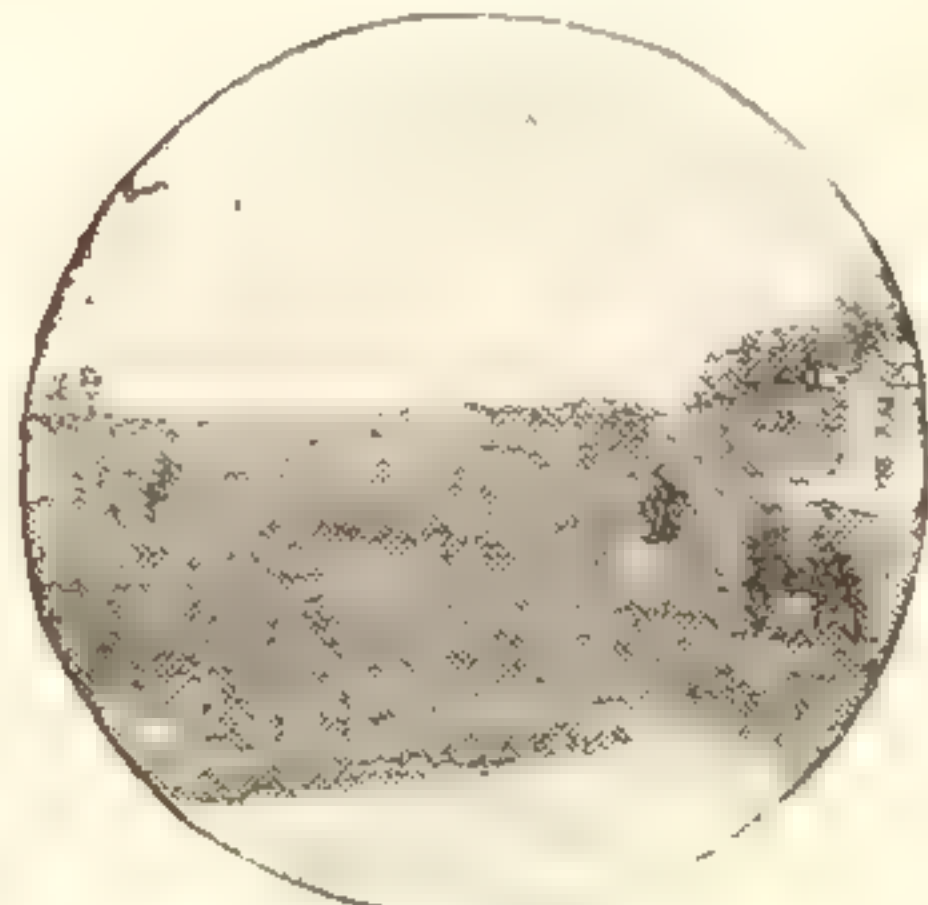
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best qualities in us and fills us to overflowing with friendliness toward those who are portraying life on the silver sheet.

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Who among us can witness "The Covered Wagon," for instance, without a more patriotic pride in the race of stalwart men and women from whom we have sprung? Who can look upon Douglas Fairbanks in any of his pictures without drinking in the wine of life and feeling the joy of living!

But I wanted to find out how the artists themselves felt about this "greatness" angle of their profession. I interviewed several and found that they seldom went around bragging about their "art." I found that I had to drag it out of them and that they usually spoke exactly the opposite to what they really felt about things.

Lon Chaney smiled and looked at me keenly as though he thought I might be kidding him. "Greatness? Bunk! Who do you think we are, anyway? It's all in the day's work." I liked what he said next. It proved what a bunch of pals these screen people are. "Some directors are great and maybe they pass on a little of it to me and some stories!" He sighed at the memory. "Oh, boy, some stories are just a shining lump of golden greatness—take 'He Who Gets Slapped!' or 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame!'"

I think none of us will agree with Lon's modest meaning that he wasn't a large part of their greatness.

"But the graft part of your question is really true. Come nearer." He spoke in a lowered voice and looked around with mock guilt. "I really do get that wherever I go. Even the bootblack drops the other bird's shoe half-polished and runs to me. I don't have to wait in line anywhere for anything. The cop or the doorman or the ticket taker spots me and shoves me in ahead of all the other guys. I'm a good sport and want to take my turn with the others, but they won't let me—not even the fellows ahead of me who set up a howl until they recognize me and then smile their heads off just because they had done their bit toward it."

"What has been the greatest single instance of 'Graft' of which you have been the recipient, Miss Murray?" I asked that little Queen of the Mays.



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"I must be proud of her," he tells himself. "She needn't be beautiful, for beauty of feature fades all too quickly, and is gone. But she must have beauty of manner, the ability to do and say always just what is correct, the poise and grace that grow only more charming with age. She must be a clever hostess, a pleasant companion. She must be that rare and lovely thing—a lady."

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What Sort of Man Shall I Marry?

"I must be proud of him," she tells herself. "He must be the kind of man who is able to control a situation, to command respect, to mingle comfortably in any society. He must be able to conduct himself always with a fine savoir faire and calm assurance. His manners must be faultless, his speech cultivated. He must be a clever host, a pleasant companion. He must know precisely what to do and say on every occasion. In a word, he must be—a gentleman."

You may scoff at the idea of a book of etiquette to help you. Ordinary etiquette books, of course, are scarcely helpful for they concern themselves solely with petty rules and regulations that are based on old traditions rather than on your own personal problems. But this New Book of Etiquette is written for *you*! Here is information you have always wanted. Here are suggestions you could not acquire in any other way. Here is the knowledge that will give you—almost in one evening—a marvelous new ease, poise, self-possession!

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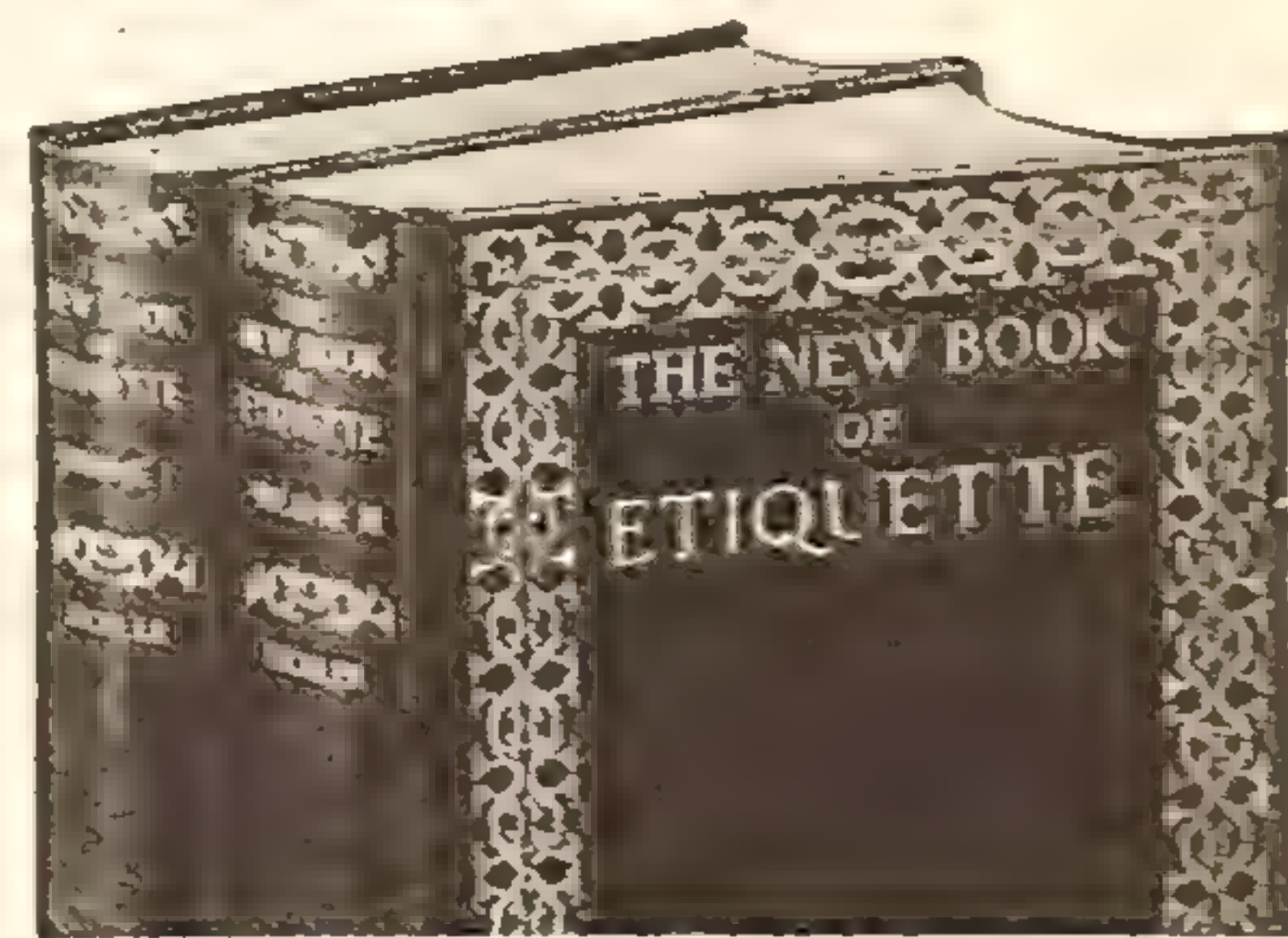
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"So you think we are grafters?" she smiled to show me that she had got me right. "Perhaps we are—at least I've felt that way more than once. I think of how, for instance, on a single trip from the Coast to New York things begin, and never stop, falling my way! When my husband asks for a drawing room on the Pullman there is none to be had—until my name is mentioned. It makes me feel terrible sometimes, for I believe they would empty out the whole train for me! They keep it up all the way to New York. There's no refusing it either.

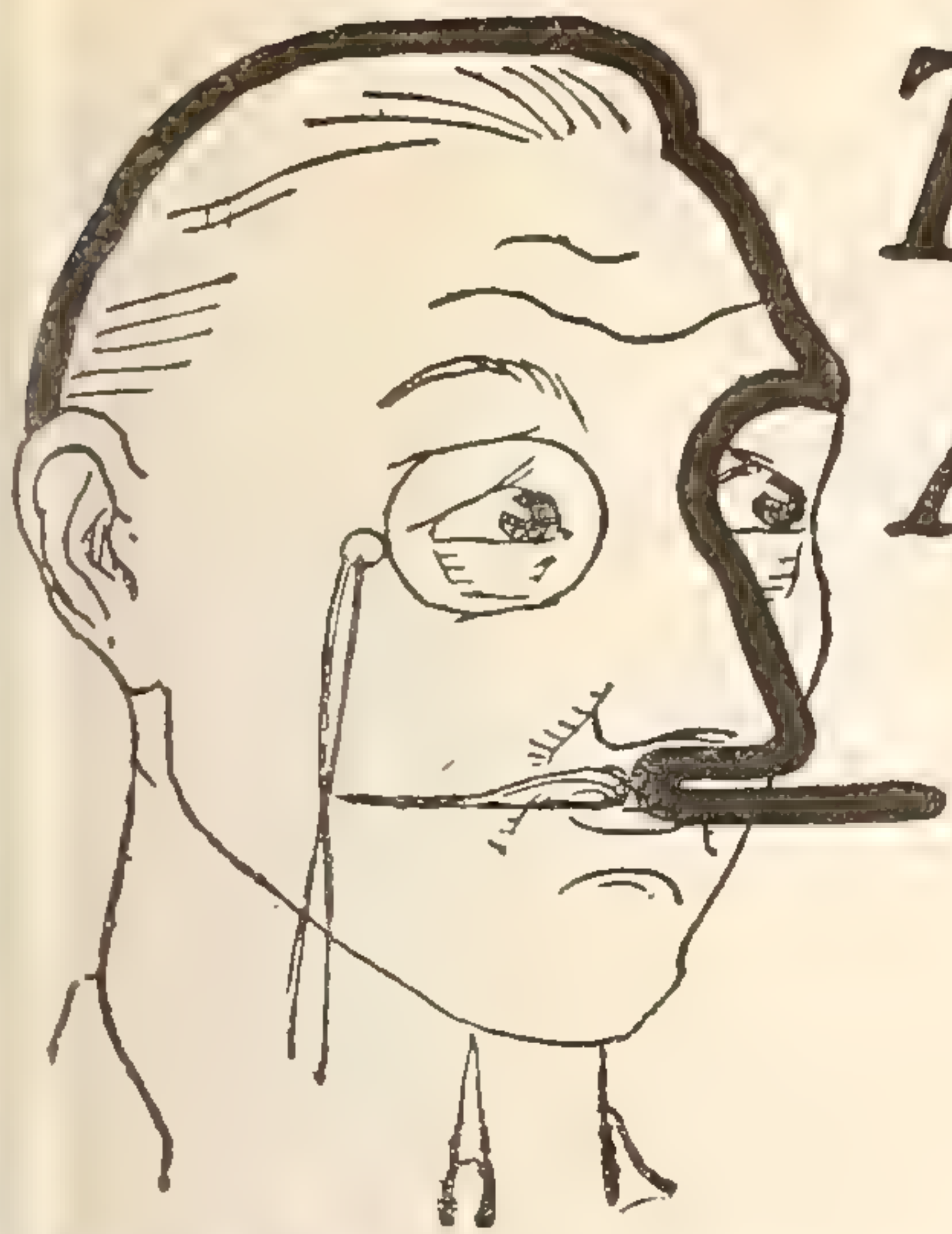
"Once I arrive in the Big City," she continued half-whimsically, "it begins all over again, with the best rooms at the hotel, sometimes at the minimum rate, although heaven knows I am able to take care of their bills. But it is ever the same, everybody in the place wants to do something for me. Managers send me theater tickets as though my presence at the theater were going to improve the show!" She laughed at the absurdity of such an idea.

You can read between the lines and see that she too enjoyed her "graft" and yet I think you will agree with me in saying that she is one of the most modest and retiring of women. It was the presence of the good will behind these "presents" that she appreciated and not the mere acquisition of the things.

There is a Humorous Side of it Too

Ramon Navarro tells of the adoration of the Italian people who worship him as though he were the actual "Ben-Hur" and not an actor portraying his part. He speaks of a single day's experience of trying to study out and rehearse a difficult piece of "business." "I thought I would walk out in the country. But a man who owned a cart asked me if I didn't want a lift. I understood that much Italian. I politely refused. He persisted. He began begging me. Still I refused, but he followed patiently. The more I refused to ride, the stronger became his passionate appeal; finally he began to weep. Then I leapt in and told him to go as far as he liked. We came to just the spot that suited my now wrought-up mood. I bade him goodbye forever, but he waited.

"I was just getting back to myself, when a little audience—they seemed almost to smell me out—gathered. Their spokesman came forward and asked if there wasn't something—anything—he could do for me. I shook my head. But they stayed, perplexed, wounded by their own sense of inefficiency. Occasionally they tried again. One brought me one of those vile little Italian cigars with a straw in the center. Another went, heavens knows how far, to fetch me a



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carafe of Chianti wine. Finally, in despair, I joined them and returned to my starting point, won over to laughing with them in their goodness of heart. I gave up my 'business' for the day!"

And remember the well-meaning mobs that pursued Doug and Mary all over Europe?

This "graft" then is nothing more nor less than the hall-mark of esteem.

Rather a simple thing after all, this "greatness" business. It consists chiefly in revealing and calling forth the sure-as-shooting greatness that lies imbedded in every fellow man. Each one of us—

Blind Man's Bluff—continued from page 19

that little harbor; he would never start the picture whose sets and script were completed, waiting. Never see the sky, the streets, the people. He was *blind*, *blind*—eternal darkness, lightless, groping—hopeless. It was beyond endurance.

Here was a pause. Paton looked over to the side wall and there hung the picture of a little girl of about six and a boy about eleven. He cleared his throat with a smiling effort and continued:

"It was pretty bad and I could feel myself slipping. But when they took me home, Tootsie and Jimmy (pointing to the picture on the wall) were waiting for me. My baby's kiss trembled, as if such a wee bit o' a lass could vaguely understand. 'Daddy,' she said, 'won't your eyes look out at all? Ever? 'Course they will! They're jus' the same,' and she gave that sort of child's sob that breaks your heart after a spanking.

"Nobody knows what I'd have given to have told her 'yes,' but right there I said to myself: 'They say I'm blind; they say I'll always be blind; but I won't; I say I won't be blind.'"

So the fight began—for the kids.

Born with a weak constitution, Paton had fought off consumption since birth. Instead of becoming a lawyer, as his family insisted, he went on the stage in England, but soon his doctor informed him he must leave England—go to a different climate—or he could never last. He came to America, and in our glorious sunshine, with his unfailing faith and belief in the Supreme Power, regained his health and started out to make good.

Moving pictures were in their infancy. He knew he was the greatest actor on earth, and when a moving picture company called for an artist to play "Hamlet"—although the movies were much despised and you only took a job in order to eat—Paton was hired for the part. To his chagrin, in the middle of that marvelous "To be or not to be,"

that means you and I—can succeed in our God-given way and as surely as you succeed, just so surely will the requisite of greatness come pouring in as a result. If you happen to be a good stenographer and reveal your greatness in that particular line, you may be sure of some reputation, and respect will be yours as a result; if you are a saleslady and reveal your greatness on your job, it will inevitably mean promotion.

Each of us can do something, and if we do that something well—the sky is the limit, for that's where true greatness began and there only does it end.

from all sides of the stage came over ripe tomatoes and overlaid eggs! Later he learned he was staging some work for the Gold Dust twins—they were to come in, clean up in a jiffy, and show all housewives that without Gold Dust life wasn't worth living. That was his start in the "movies."

Since then he has directed many pictures. There are very few famous players he hasn't directed. He named them to me—Rex Ingram, Priscilla Dean, Betty Compson, Dorothy Phillips, Harry Carey, Wallace Beery, Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan—and a lot more. "Bavu," for Universal, was his last before the accident. Strangely enough, he has written and directed many stories about blindness. "Through Blind Eyes" is a story he wrote years ago. He directed "Through the Eyes of the Blind" and "The Great White Darkness"—both stories of blindness. And now, God willing, he will start his first picture since the darkness left him. It's called "My Lord of the Double-B," and he's going to make it "different."

"My banker won't be stout and well-dressed. I'm going to make him puny and badly groomed. My villain won't look like the villain—you'll think he's the hero. And my miser won't be weak, old and bent—begad, I'm going to have him stout, young and good-looking," says Paton.

So he's won. It's taken two years of pain and torture in mind and body, and his entire fortune of about one hundred thousand dollars. They were two long years that seemed centuries, but that faith, that belief in everything good, has brought him the light. He says it was faith and the kids. He *had* to see for the kids—they needed him so. But kids aren't they Faith?

"A wee bit o' faith—and the kids—pack an awful wallop," says Stuart Paton.

The Movie First Nighters

Continued from Page 17

will testify. But a fan will fight for a glance at a movie queen. He will make one supreme effort, tear himself apart from the frantic mob which presses him on all sides, and edge near enough to ascertain that she is more lovely than he thought she was, and that her diamonds are real. Sometimes he gets near enough to shout, "Hello, Dick," or "Howdy, Doug," and is rewarded by a smile of good fellowship or even, if his fellow-fans will permit it, a firm hand-clasp. Then he is indeed accounted a lucky dog.

It's night-time along Broadway—and if you have never seen a movie first-night on the good old thoroughfare, you've never really seen Broadway. The most intricate traffic system in the world is held up to permit the flashlight men to photograph the theatre which houses the new "cinema masterpiece de luxe." The most harassed and handsome policemen grin away their troubles and give their whistles the authoritative puff which puts the ordinary traffic in its place so that some king and queen of filmdom can arrive safely in time to bow before the subjects assembled to pay them homage. It's like nothing so much as a personal appearance of royalty, except that royalty in these times could never command such low obeisance.

When the film first nights were new and strange, and it was still little short of a sacrament to be at close quarters with screenland's stars, the clans of fans would appear on the scene punctually at eight, and patiently await the coming of their idols. When Mary and Doug and Charlie or Gloria and Marion and Dick would finally arrive, they would step from their cars into a sea of outstretched arms and eager faces—a sea which surged about them and swept them up, regardless of sables and sheer gowns and glittering head-dresses and fragile feet, in a fierce embrace. Once at a first night—"The Thief of Bagdad," the Fairbanks picture—little Mary was lost for a moment in that tumult, until a burly cop lifted her up and poised her on his broad shoulder, where like a pretty butterfly she perched and rode right into the theatre like a real queen.—On another occasion Miss Pickford's ermine wrap was torn of all its tails in the encounter with her worshippers.

Now these film first nights are more orderly. Policemen are on hand to part way through the crowds, so that the stars of the evening and the people who

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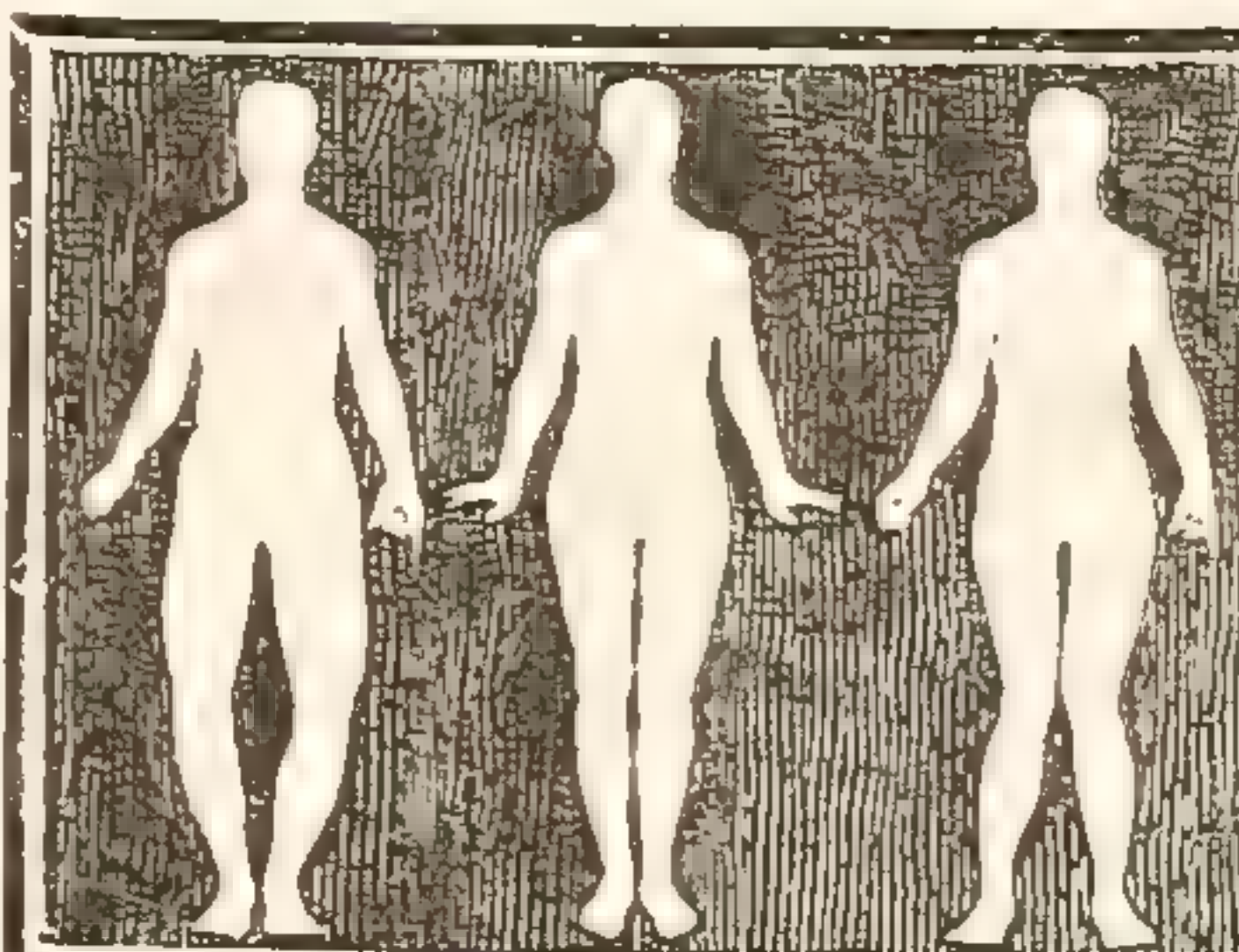


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have paid to get in to see the picture may enter the theatre without risk to raiment or peril to peace of mind. The fans come early to avoid the rush, but they have learned to curb their eagerness—if they don't they may have to go home without a glimpse of their favorite. The spotlight focussed upon the theatre from somewhere across the street gives the scene all the vivid color of the tent show; but the stars and their satellites are letter-perfect in their roles and never step out of them.

For it is not only the particular lady or gentleman of the evening's entertainment that the fans have thronged to see. Sometimes the star of the screen plays far away at the time of the premiere of his picture—in California on location in Europe on vacation. But the star's friends and the star's foes—her well-wishers and her rivals—her managers and the producers of the opposition film that opened two nights before—they make up the audience. There are the newspaper critics, who usually arrive late and leave early, in time to dash off their review for next morning's edition. There are sprinklings of relatives and press agents and a few fans who just can't wait until the picture comes to their pet neighborhood theatre. But most of the first nighters are celebrities—come to watch their shadows on the screen from the comfortable orchestra chairs.

It's at these film first nights that the fans learn all about their idols. They see Miss Blank with Mr. Blanker, and immediately begin to believe all they read in the papers. One star appeared regularly at film first nights with the production manager of her company that she began to be deluged with letters from first night fans asking her when she intended to marry the gentleman. Now the star is attended only by her mother. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay are always together, and often included Dick's beautiful mother, Caroline Barthelmess. Gloria Swanson slipped by first without general recognition—so much more petite and dainty is the real Gloria than her shadow. But now the fans know her, and she always gets ovation from the impromptu audience which crowds around the theatre doors. Lillian and Dorothy Gish always slip by the stage entrance, and so never have any trouble on their own first nights.

The opening of "Janice Meredith" at the Cosmopolitan Theatre in Columbus Circle was not graced by its star, Mary Davies, who was in California. But her pictures always bring out representatives of the social world as well as film's aristocracy, there was a great splash for the fans. Nita Naldi surprised some of them by registering hauteur when they hoped for a smile. Holbrook Blinn

present "in person" to watch his shadow avort on the screen, and so was Maclyn Arbuckle. Robert Mantell, the stage's Shakespearian actor, passed by unrecognized. The Cosmopolitan, incidentally, was once the Park Theatre, dedicated to musical comedy, and once was the scene of the first night of Montgomery and Stone in "The Wizard of Oz." What ghosts walk there on film first nights!

The fans sometimes return to the theatre after the picture is over, to watch the stars come out. They assembled again after "Janice Meredith" had made her debut and applauded Gloria Swanson and Barbara La Marr and Seena Owen and many more. They failed to notice a little figure among all the glittering ones who slipped out and vanished into Broadway's mobs. She was Florence Turner, the first motion picture star, the girl who once had the power to sway thousands—now unacclaimed. She seemed a little wistful as she turned and watched the show, but she smiled as she hurried away. She may have been remembering some film first night of her own, and thinking that the stars of today cannot shine forever.

But how brightly they shine on Broadway! How much like gorgeous birds they preen themselves for these first nights! In the intermissions they all move towards the lobby and there gather in their own little groups and talk about the picture. "You are never quite sure just what picture it is; but phrases float about you—"She stands the close-ups pretty well, doesn't she?"—"I thought her big scene was overdone." "I want that leading man for my next picture—make a note of that." "The picture of the century." "A sure flop at the box-office." These screen stars have a language all their own.

Sometimes the audiences are so engrossing that the picture takes second place. At the premiere of "Greed," which was singularly marked by the absence of its director, von Stroheim, or any member of the cast, Fannie Ward was the centre of the stage. The perennial beauty was lately returned from London and Paris, where she now makes her home; and, in a dazzling French gown, she stood in the aisle chatting to an old friend. She shrilled her delight at being once more a film celebrity, even though a victorious one. Fannie used to be in Paramount pictures long ago, you know—she made "The Cheat" before Pola Negri did.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce has gone in for first nights, but she is not yet an idol of the fans. There will always be the astute observer, however, to point and say, "There's pretty Peggy!"

Marion Davies used to be so shy that she gained the temporary ill-will of the

fans who assembled to see her. She would duck her head like a school-girl and dash past into the theatre. But now that Marion realizes that all those people are her friends, she never fails to smile and say "Hello." Hope Hampton's greeting is always accompanied by a friendly little wave and an illuminating exhibition of the famous Hampton ivories. Dick Barthelmess has disappointed a few of his fans—he is not quite so handsome as his close-ups; but when he grins, all the crowd is his for life. Harrison Ford contracted writer's cramp at one film first night when a bevy of sub-debs surrounded him and begged for autographs. Harrison is another actor who is painfully shy, but his good-nature makes up for it. Bebe Daniels is almost always among those pleasant; but of late she has seemed to acquire a studied indifference to it all, which is out of character for Bebe. Dagmar Godowsky is better known to New York fans through her personal appearances at premieres than she is from her pictures; but her exotic beauty has made her one of the outstanding figures. Ben Lyon has recently commanded attention and his boyish beam always gets a hand. Norma Talmadge, whenever she is in New York, is a cheerful attendant at any star's first night except her own. She doesn't go to be seen, but to see. And it requires real will-power to be in Florida when one of your best pictures makes its bow to Broadway. Norma didn't even wait to see herself in "Secrets."

The stellar box shares with the screen the interest inside the theatre. The old Griffith first-nights saw the stars of the picture in an upper box, and it was a charming and graceful performance when Lillian Gish, or Carol Dempster, or Bobby Harron, or Dick Barthelmess would rise in answer to the thunderous applause. Mr. Griffith always came out at the end of his picture to bow and make his little speech; and then he would point to the box and say, "Don't forget my players." Once—it may have been at "Way Down East," which cemented Lillian Gish's reputation as an emotional artist—the audience paid little heed to the director and directed all its tribute to the box. D. W. smiled and said, "You are looking in the right direction—she deserves all your applause."

See—even the film first nights have their traditions to live up to! Although it is a comparatively youthful institution, already we are saying, "Ah—but you should have seen the first night of 'The Orphans of the Storm!' There was a first night for you!"

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premiere of one of their pictures. Naturally, the crowds, having waited possibly for weeks for glimpses of the Fairbanks couple, show their enthusiasm in no uncertain terms. What if they do tear Doug's evening clothes to pieces, and eat Mary up? That's what they came for. At one of these first nights a bystander was heard to remark, "It's a shame—why don't they let these poor people get by in peace, even if they are movie actors?"

And from the crowd, somewhere, came a high-pitched voice raised in feminine indignation: "What do you mean, a shame? They know we'd be here, didn't they? And they make their pictures for us, don't they? Haven't we done enough for them?"

That's the answer. The film first night couldn't get along without the fans, any more than the films could. The screen star from his pedestal—the pedestal his public has built—is glad to be a good sport about it, for money or not—yes, even were he broke tomorrow—the fans come to pay tribute to the man he is.

A First Night in Hollywood

By Coral Clyde

SID GRAUMAN had everything from Sennett bathing girls to the fire department out to welcome the Gishes and "Romola" to his Egyptian Theatre. What a jam! Everybody was there but Mary Pickford. She royally awaited them at the Ambassador. Mary seldom descends from her throne.

Lillian and Dorothy that morning had stepped off the train to a deluge of flowers and the clicking of cameras. Lillian as sweetly enigmatic as ever, Dorothy as peppy as of old.

"Romola," you can see, got off to a good start.

If only premieres made pictures!

I doubt if there has ever been a more brilliant opening. A mob outside the Egyptian and a megaphone calling the celebrities as they came. Curious faces formed a human aisle. Fame and fortune traversed its length. A famous scenario writer had me in tow. The megaphone shouting her name knocked us for a row of blushes.

Within—soft lights, a subdued murmur. Fame disposed itself in little groups, chatting of this and that. Mostly of Charlie Chaplin's latest marital indiscretion. Wondering would he appear with his bride, a picture of domestic felicity. Charlie didn't. Tom Ince's name was whispered. My memory jerked back to the premiere of "Janice Meredith."

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Charlie Chaplin was master of ceremonies that night and in merry mood. Tom Hince was there, too—a dominant presence. Tom's last premiere. . . Why should the spirit of pictures be proud?

A stir and a craning of necks. Rudy Valentino with Natacha and Nita Naldi. Natacha more stunning than the exotic Nita. Rudy wore his whiskers and an embarrassed manner. He rushed to his seat as though seeking shelter. Overwhelmed, perhaps, by modesty. . .

Harold Lloyd and Mildred. Mid in an ermine coat and customary good humor. She scattered gay hellos as she trudged along in Harold's wake. . . The celebrated lovers—Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell. Claire, radiant and, oh, so itzy! Nothing up-stage about Bert, though. They accuse Claire of high-dressing, but Bert is always himself. . . Lillyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, as devoted and as imminently married. Lillyan had on a most fetching frock—one of those revelations as to what can be accomplished with a yard of velvet and a wisp of tulle. . . Mickey Neilan, with his magnificent manner of Celtic unconcern, and his fascinating wife. Blanche Sweet fairly stings me into attention. With her around, I simply cannot see anyone else. . . Lois Wilson, looking her prettiest, and propelled along without masculine aid. Lois usually goes about with a bunch of girls. . .

Owen Moore and Kathryn Perry. That marriage seems to have taken. Tom was staggering it, and trying to avoid his ex-wives. Alice Joyce was there, as was Renee Adoree. Renee with Gaston Glass—you seldom see one without the other. . . Pauline Garon came along with Warde Crane. They stopped to chat. I hadn't met Pauline, and was surprised at her throaty voice and sophisticated manner. I always imagined she was an ingenue. . . A flurry at the entrance announced the arrival of the Gishes. An agitated attendant waved us back. Mentally we knelt down! The triumphal procession over, a bell clanged and we rushed to our seats. A dazzling prologue and the picture was on. . . An absorbed hour before we commenced to squirm in our seats. Beside me, George Melford went fast asleep! Long before midnight, when somebody stood up and eulogized Sid Grauman, Henry King and the Gishes. That brought forth Mr. King, who modestly disclaimed it all, and Lillian and Dorothy, looking as though they had stepped from daguerrotypes. They were dressed just alike, except that Lillian's dress was blue, Dorothy's pink. When the clamor had subsided—it was a great demonstration!—Lillian swept us off our feet with a clever little speech.

The show is over, the run of "Romola" is begun. We jostle to the sidewalk and brave the human aisle again. Another film "premiere" has been shot.



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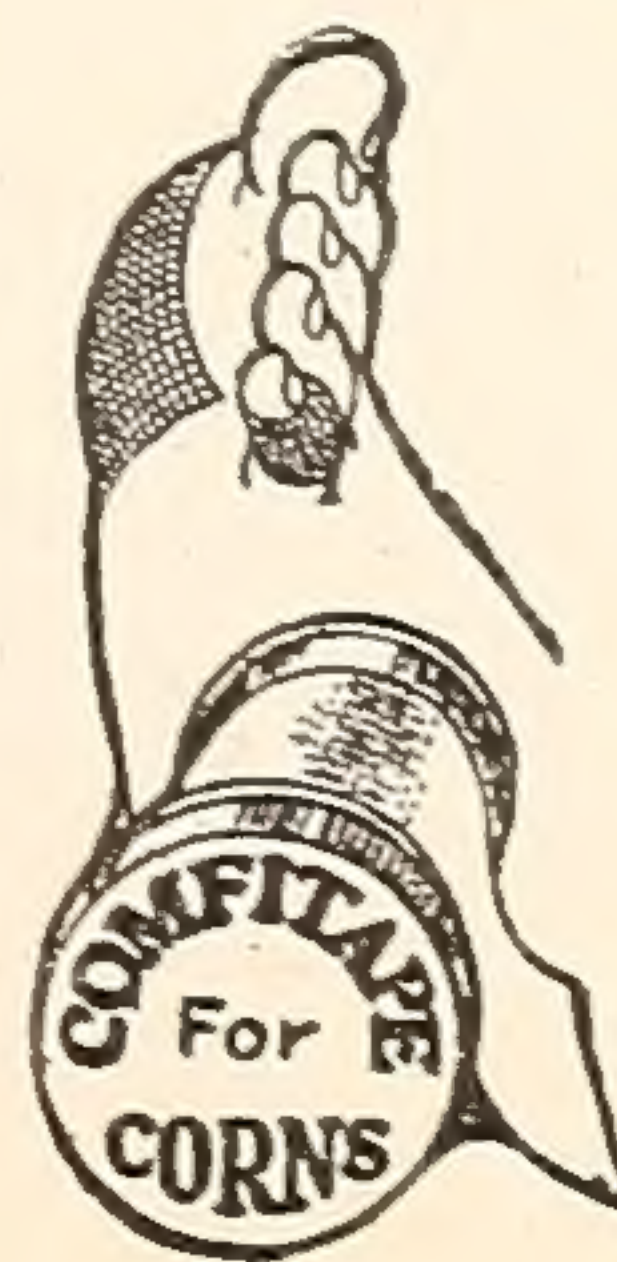
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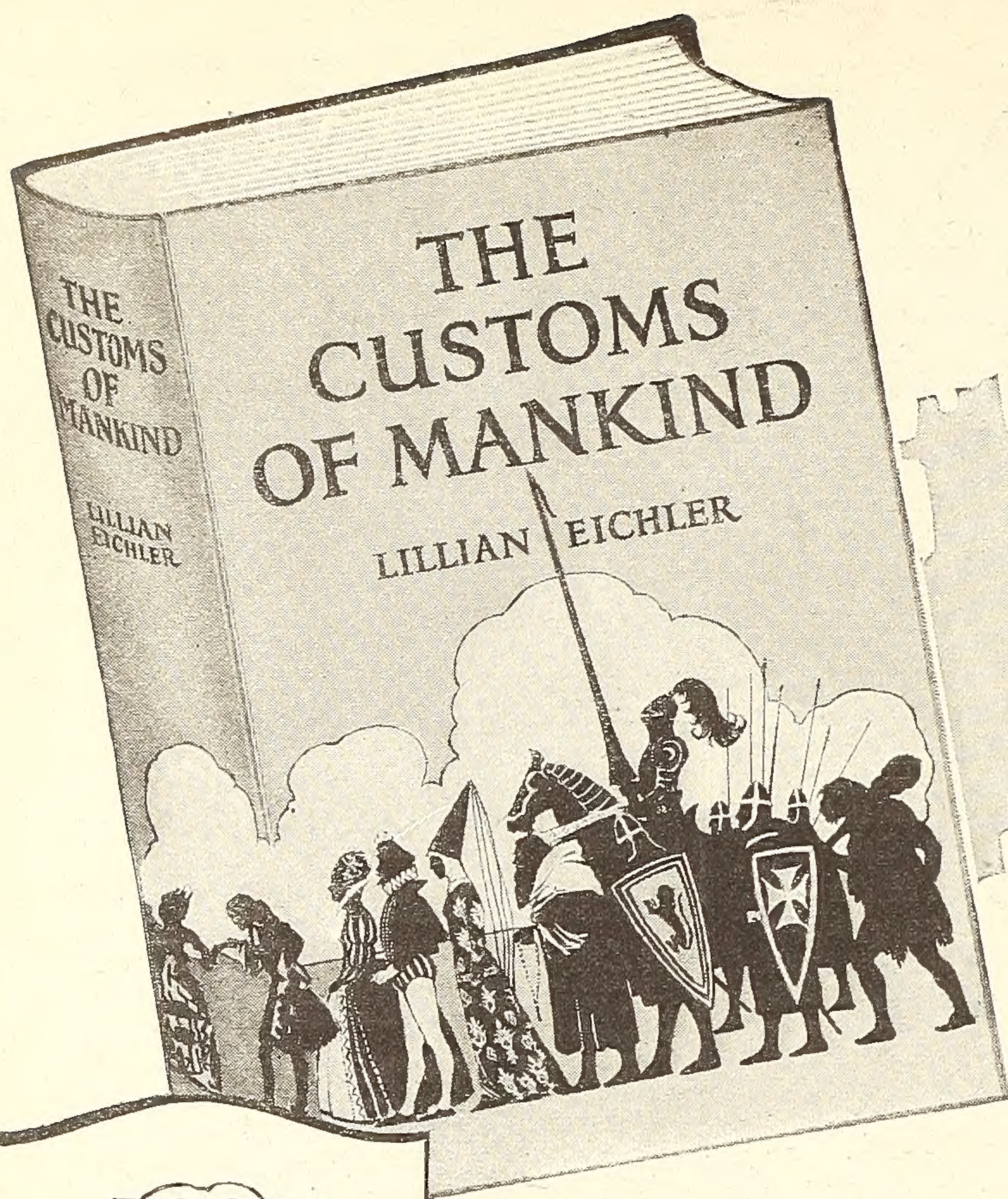
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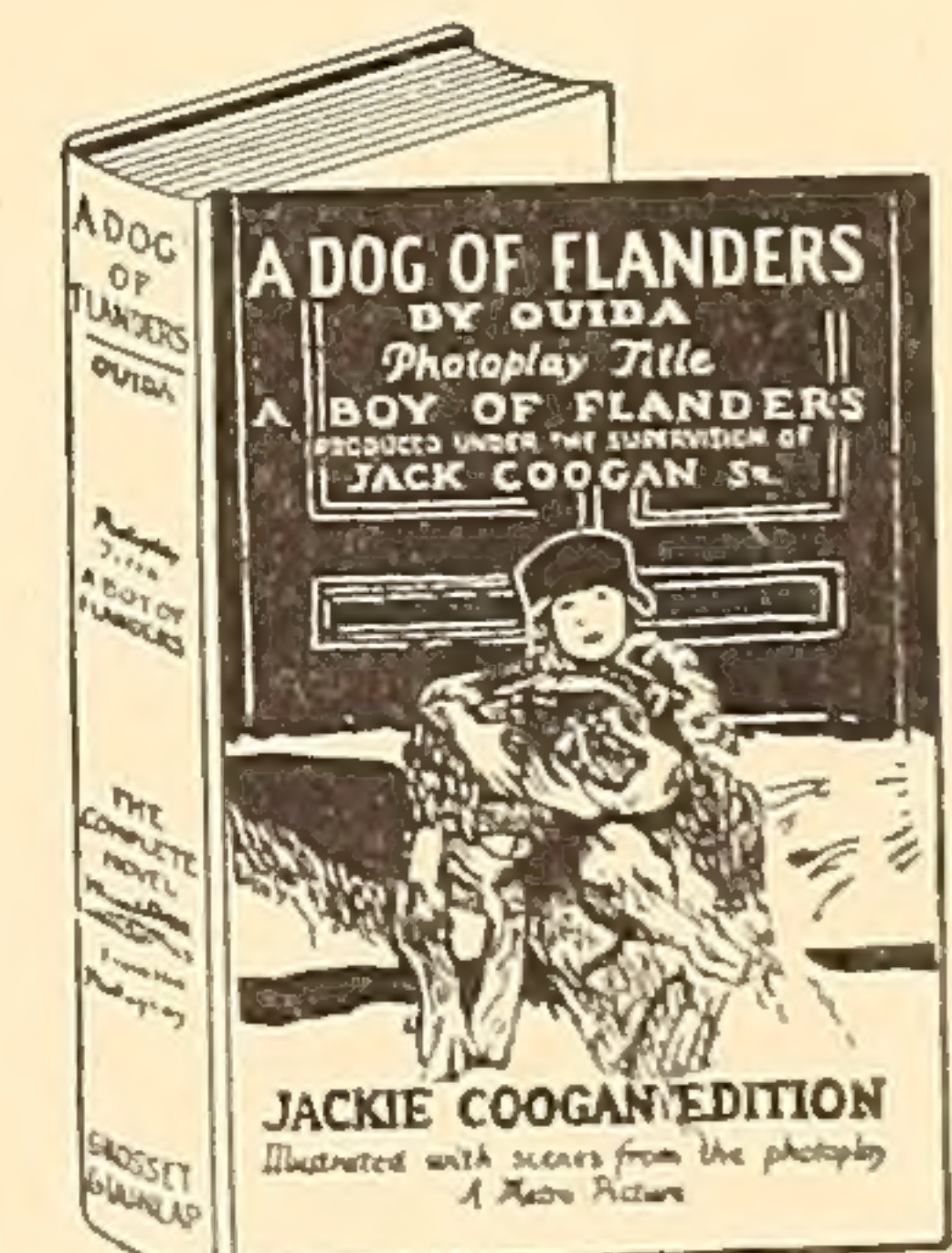
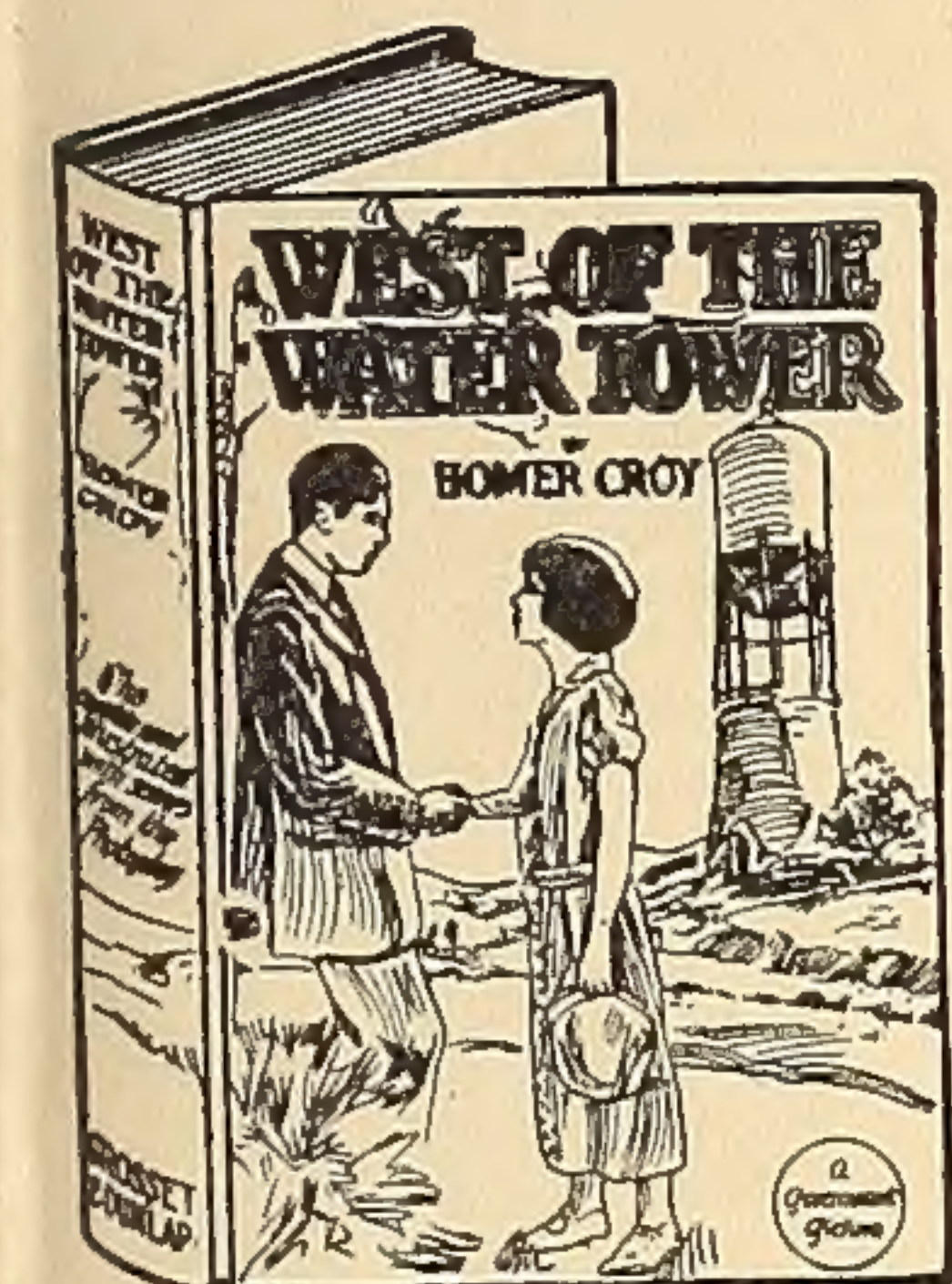
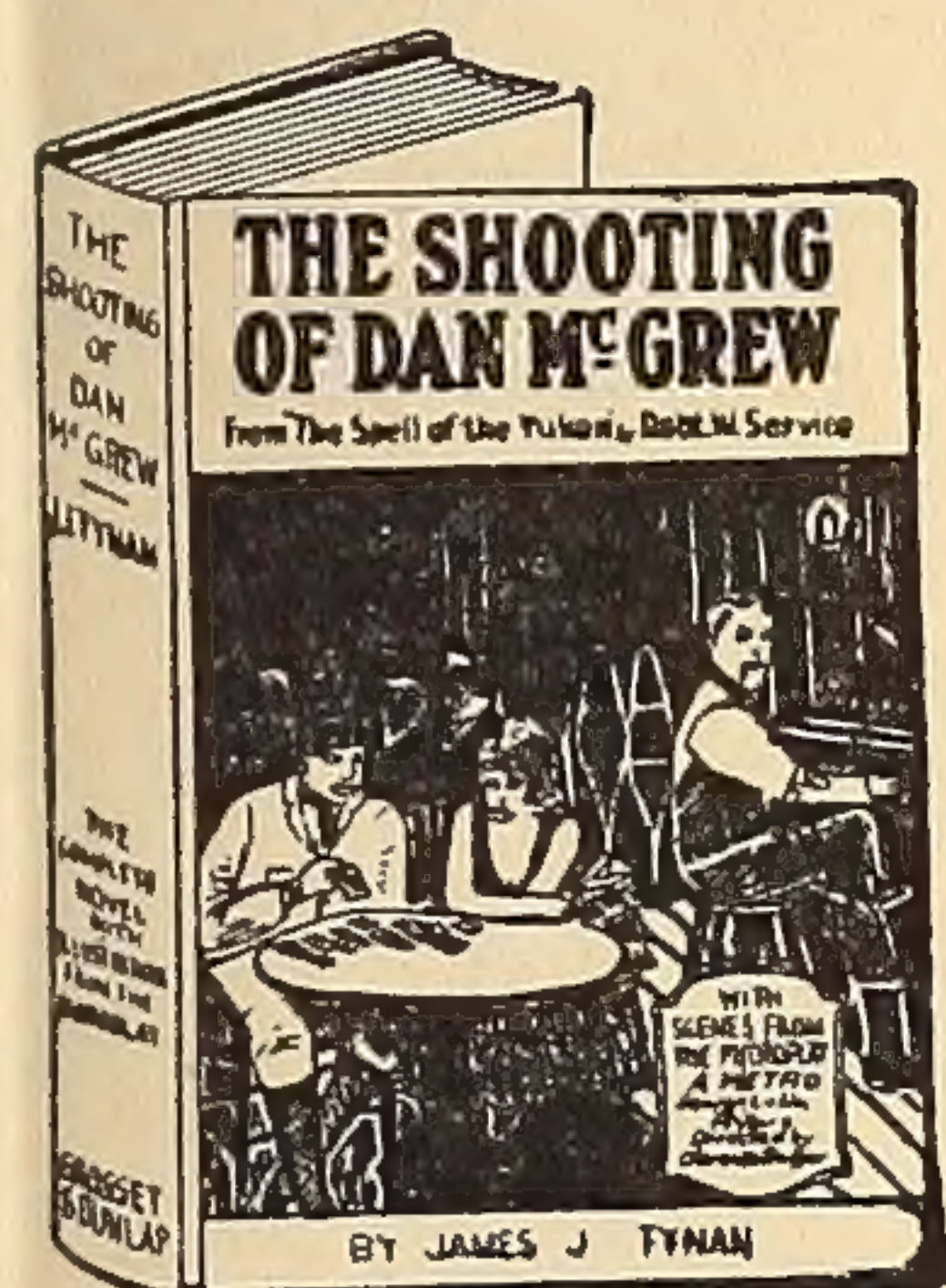
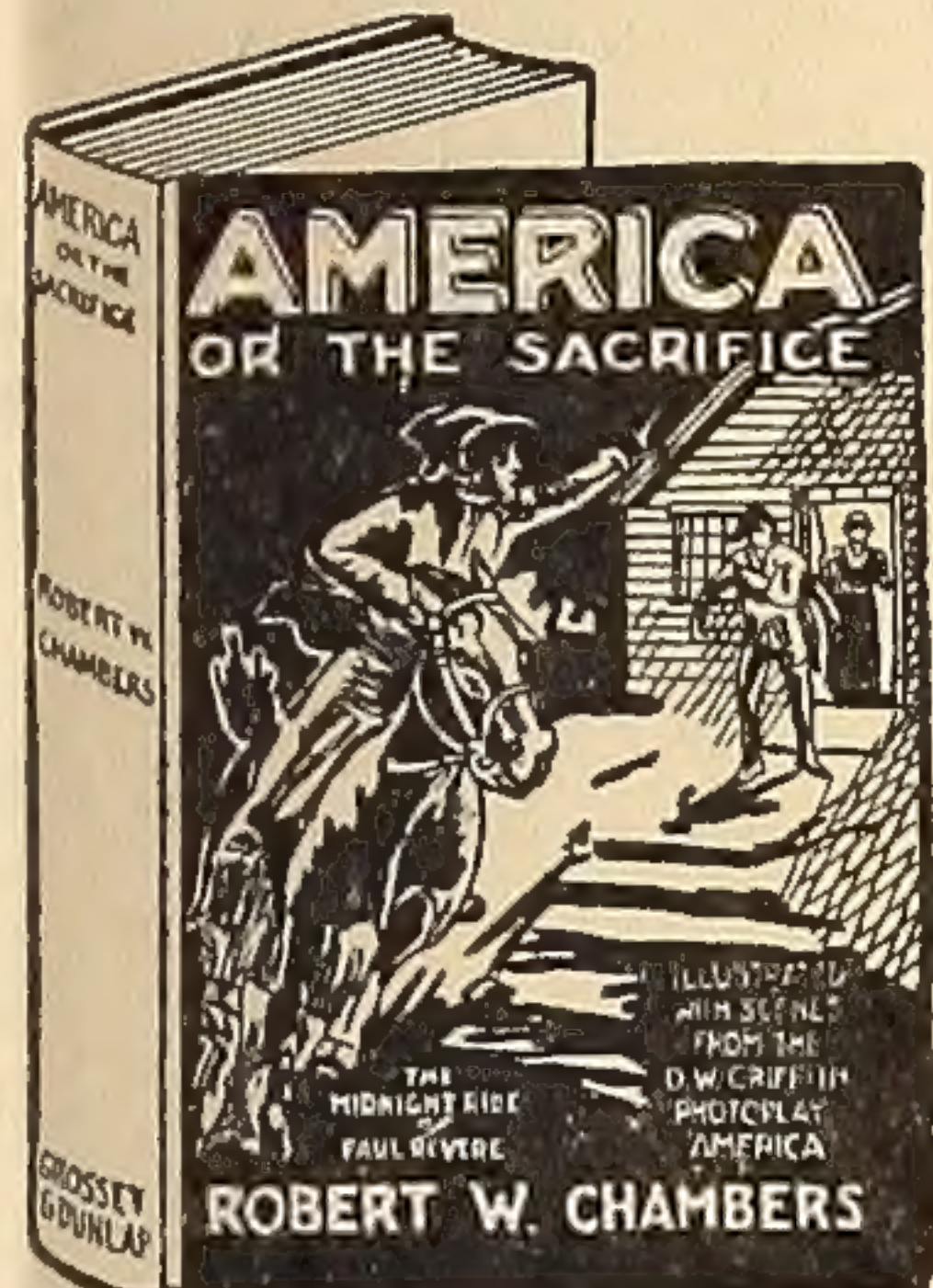
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Now! Carry LOOSE Face Powder as safely, as conveniently, as you would a compact!



Djer-Kiss ROUGE-AND-LOOSE POWDER VANITY

A double vanity — indeed new, bewitchingly dainty. It presents, *Madame*, these advantages:

Ingenious Powder Pockets

A compartment in which you may carry loose Djer-Kiss Face Powder — as neatly, as safely as a Compact. Ingenious "powder pockets" (an exclusive Djer-Kiss feature) release, each time you open the case, *just enough* powder on your puff.

Rouge Compact

A dainty compact of Djer-Kiss Rouge — in the shade that accentuates your own natural charm.

A double faced mirror

Detail Mirror

On one side a detail mirror reflects any *part* of the face.

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On the other side, the unique Djer-Kiss convex reducing mirror reflects your *entire* face at a glance, so that you may observe the general effect achieved.

The Djer-Kiss Rouge-and-Loose-Powder Vanity is exquisitely fashioned of nickel-silver — its cover artistically embossed. Each Vanity comes in its own silken-lined box.



Women everywhere have been saying: "If only I could find some way to carry loose face powder in my handbag. Some neat, safe, convenient way."

Djer-Kiss now offers you, *Madame*, the solution of this difficulty. Djer-Kiss now presents to you two new vanities:

The Djer-Kiss Loose Powder Vanity
(Illustrated at the right)

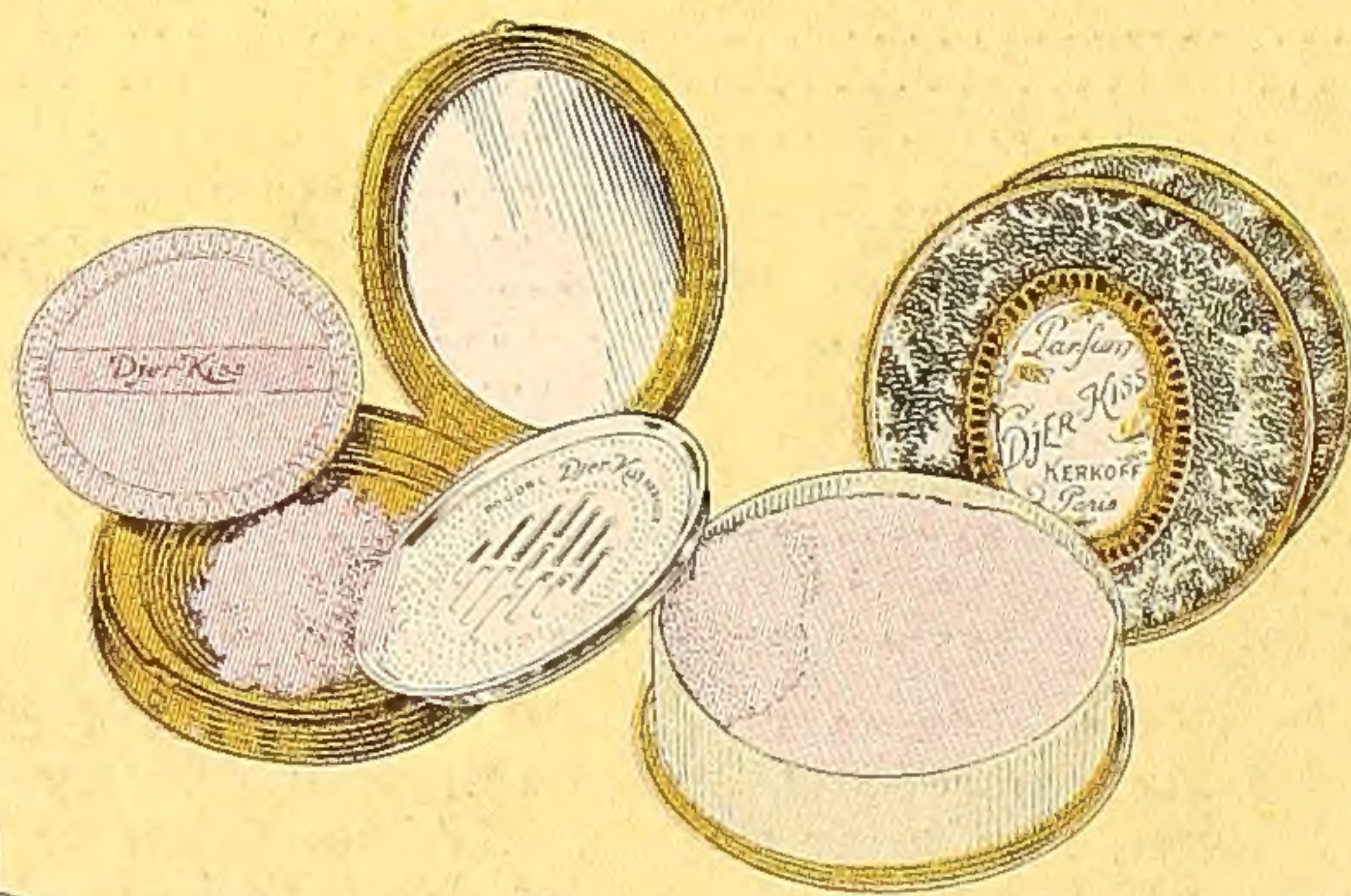
The Djer-Kiss Rouge-and-Loose-Powder Vanity
(Illustrated at the left)

Both of these charming vanities have the ingenious Djer-Kiss "powder pockets" (an exclusive Djer-Kiss feature). Each time *Madame* opens her vanity case, she will find that these pockets have released *just enough* powder for her puff.

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To re-fill the loose powder compartment, you have but to lift out the tray. [Re-fill with Djer-Kiss Face Powder — for this French *poudre* is of incomparable fineness and quality.] Then snap the tray back into place.

Now, *Madame*, your Vanity is once more ready for your use.



Djer-Kiss LOOSE POWDER VANITY

(for loose powder alone)

A single thin-model vanity in which to carry loose Djer-Kiss Face Powder — as conveniently as a powder-compact. The unique powder pockets release each time just enough powder for your puff — no more.

To re-fill the powder compartment, you have only to lift the tray and fill it from your box of Djer-Kiss Face Powder.

As safe to carry as a Compact

The Djer-Kiss powder pockets release *just enough* powder for the puff. No excess powder sifts through to muss your bag. You can turn the open vanity upside-down — see! no powder will sift through!

Ask then today at your favorite shop to see these new Djer-Kiss aids to beauty — the Djer-Kiss Powder Vanity and the Djer-Kiss Rouge-and-Loose-Powder Vanity. See with your own eyes how at last, you can carry loose powder as safely as you would a compact.

